Saturday Review

VEMBER 5, 1955 / 20¢

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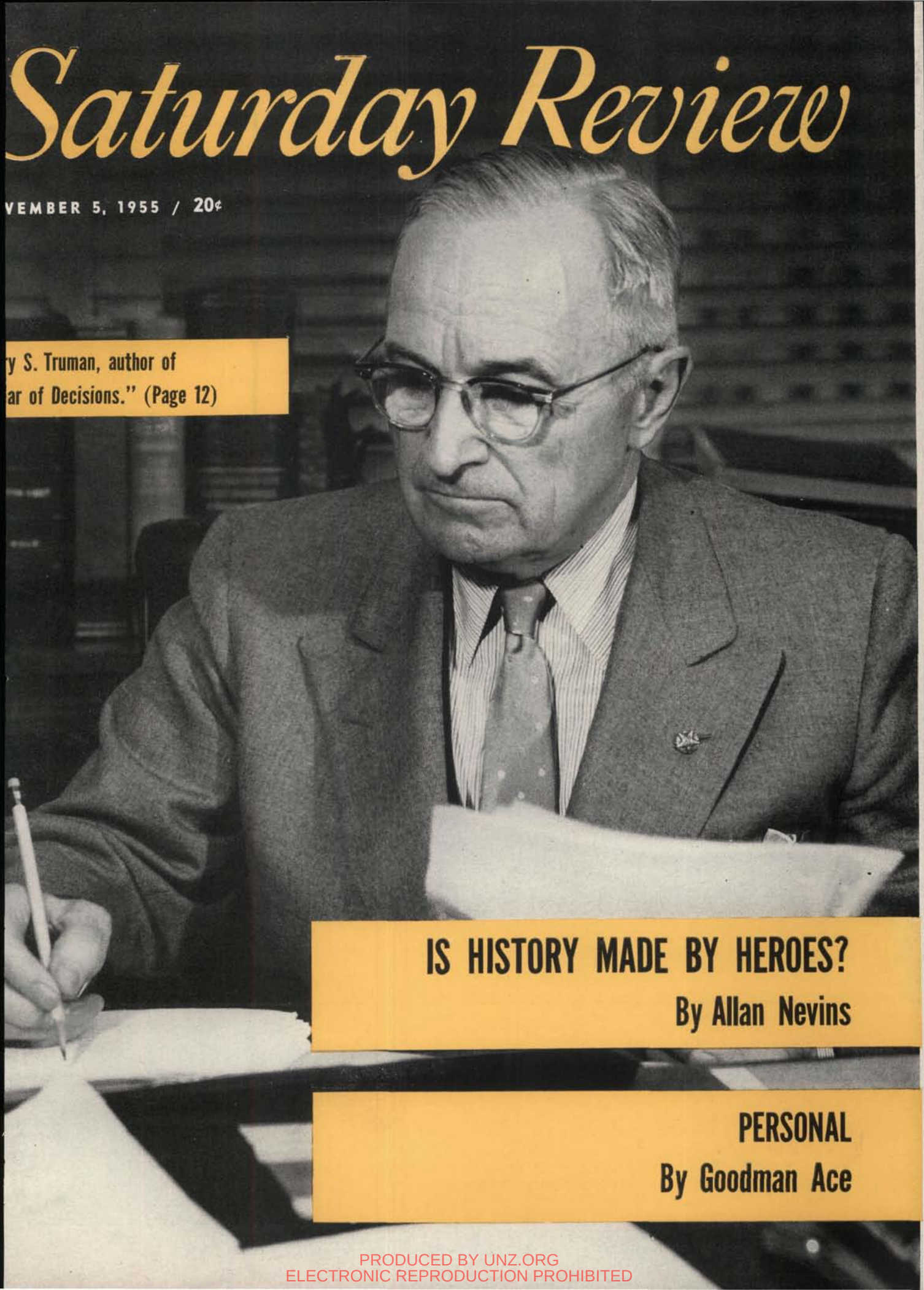

IS HISTORY MADE BY HEROES?

By Allan Nevins

PERSONAL

By Goodman Ace

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 5, 1955

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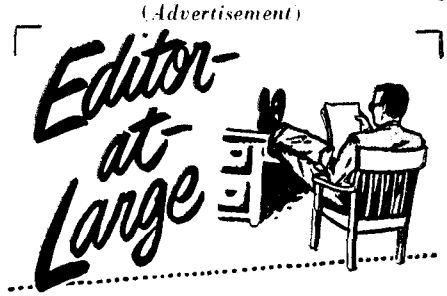

I suppose that for most of us (and certainly for those 25 or over) the months between April and August, 1945 rank among the most important of our lives.

In these months, just ten years ago, Franklin Delano Roosevelt died and Harry Truman became President, the war in Europe stopped, the Big Three met at Potsdam, the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, and the Japanese war ended.

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Probably some readers will approach this book with a ready-made reaction. Mr. Truman's partisans will find renewed cause for pride, his critics new fuel for the fires of their indignation.

But it is a matter of historical significance when a President of the United States sets down his own record of his Administration; and I do not see how any thinking American can be indifferent to this work.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Memoirs by Harry S. Truman," Volume I: "Year of Decisions," is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Volume II: "Years of Trial and Hope," will appear early in 1956. Each volume sells for $5.00, but orders for the two volumes at $8.50 the set may be placed before December 31, 1955. See your own bookseller or any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • On the Strand in London, where newspapermen are wont to congregate, a canny pubkeeper has introduced a phonograph record with astonishing success. This record imitates the sounds of typewriters clicking and presses rolling. Every time one of the noble and dedicated writing fellers calls up the little wife to explain that he's detained at the office he puts on the record for background music, happily pays the pubkeeper sixpence for the service, and goes back to his gin and tonic—and bit of fluff, perchance—with a perfectly clear conscience.

• • In the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, an author who has written four books on the joys of mountain-climbing waited four minutes, seventeen seconds by the clock for an elevator to take him to the second floor.

• • In Hollywood, the author of two Book-of-the-Month Club selections told Mike Connolly, "I used to be terribly conceited but my analyst straightened me out and now I'm one of the nicest guys in town."

• • In Dalton, Massachusetts, notes Earnest Elmo Caulkins, one firm—Crane and Co.—has been making the paper on which U. S. currency has been printed for the past seventy-seven years. "For some time," says Earnest, "Crane made the paper for money used by 438,000,000 people living in eighteen nations. One of them, believe it or not, was China, where paper was invented." The Commies, of course, made different arrangements.

• • In a large publishing house, the head of the legal department was informed that an underprivileged wage slave was demanding a raise. "Nothing doing," decided the head. "Let him eat caveat."

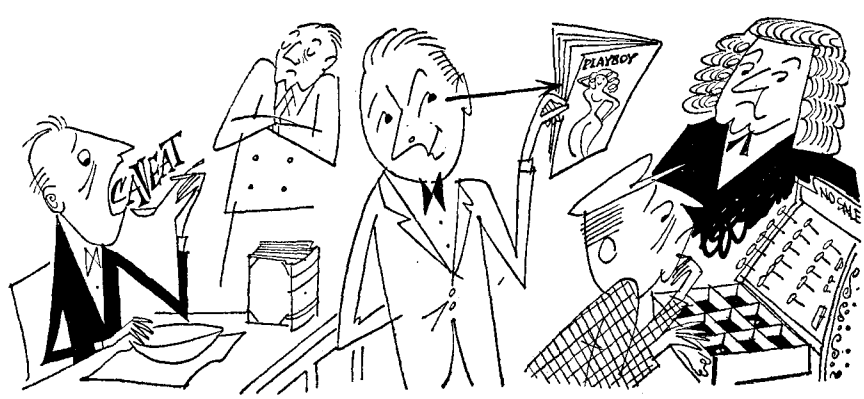
• • At NBC, novelist Gore Vidal, now writing for television, told Columnist Herb Stein, "The thirteen novels I wrote in a ten-year stretch all sold well enough by book standards—10,000-20,000 copies. They made the best-seller lists. But in little over a year of writing television dramas I've earned more than in those whole ten years of writing books."

• • In Scotland, a paperback publisher is bringing out Plutarch—one life at a time!

• • In Painesville, Ohio, Carl Sandburg met Dorothy Lowe of the Cleveland Playhouse and Mary Apthorp of Lake Erie College. "I'm surprised that you're an actress," Sandburg told Miss Lowe. "You look more like a person." "I hope I'm both," said Miss Lowe. Sandburg turned to Miss Apthorp and asked, "And who are you?" She answered, "I am nobody," to which Sandburg replied, "I am your brother." "From that moment on," writes Miss Apthorp, "I loved him for a reason having nothing to do with his writing. I had loved that before."

• • In Chicago, at 11 East Superior, they've launched, with signal success, a new magazine called *Playboy* which makes old issues of *Esquire* in its most uninhibited days look like trade bulletins from the WCTU. The latest issue, at fifty cents a peek, topped 400,000.

• • In Liverpool, a thief was apprehended who confessed that he spe-



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ılized in breaking into bookstores d rifling their cash registers. "The lprit," decided a very hep magis- ıte. "is obviously insane."

• The Broadway theatre rarely has en hospitable to comedies about the ok publishing business, but a cou- e of TV writers named Jack Cole- ın and Irwin Mandell are girding eir loins for another try. Their play called "A Four Letter Word," and veral of the fourteen characters, it hinted, will be identifiable by in- ates.

• In Boston, a distinguished pub- her looked over the job-application ank just filled out by a lovely

nde. "My dear girl," he implored, nder 'experience' could I persuade u to be just a bit more specific than h, boy'?"

• In Buffalo, Wyoming, reports *riety,* vacationing screen-star Rob- Taylor learned he was needed ck in California for the re-record- g of a single line of dialogue, con- ning twenty words, for the screen rsion of Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin rward." Taylor chartered a plane, w 1,200 miles to the studio, duti- ly recited his twenty words, then w back immediately to Wyoming, lking a total of more than 100 les of flight for every word he re- ded.

• In Toronto, at the age of twenty- e, Tom Costain became the editor *MacLean's Magazine*, served with tinction for fourteen years. Then ne hitches with the *Satevepost*, story department of Twentieth ntury-Fox, Doubleday's editorial ff, and finally, at fifty-five, his first ıture into novel writing on his own ount. Now, thirty-five years, eight vels, and $1,000,000-or-so later Tom stain has returned to Toronto to appropriate things at *MacLean's* ieth anniversary dinner.

• In Hollywood, Walt Disney is nning a picture based on one of most exciting and fantastic epi- les in the Civil War, described in ail in William Pittanger's "The eat Locomotive Chase." The book,

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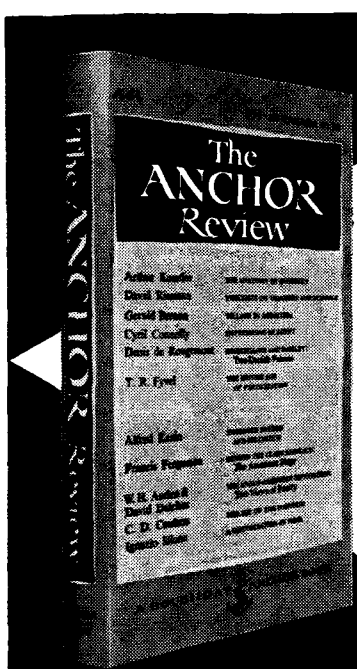

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• • Along the Tamiami Trail in Florida, *Holiday* publicist Caskie Stinnett spotted this sign: "Genuine handwoven Seminole Indian blankets. AC and DC."

• • In Toots Shor's restful retreat Toastmaster-General Georgie Jessel opined that a speaker these days has to capture his audience pronto or the

jig's up. Says Georgie: "If you haven't struck oil in five minutes stop boring."

• • On a non-stop flight from L.A. to New York a fellow passenger tapped Budd Schulberg on the shoulder and inquired, "Aren't you the fellow who wrote 'What Made Sammy Run?' and that waterfront story?" He then sat down and delivered a two-hour talk on contemporary American literature. "First chance I had when I came to this country," he told Schulberg, "I pored through the works of Hemingway, Dos Passos, O'Hara, and Steinbeck. They gave me a wonderful insight into the way Americans act and think." The fellow passenger, it turned out, was bizarre financier Serge Rubinstein, who was murdered a few days later.

• • In San Francisco, author Herb Caen is working on a new drink as a sideline: Pepsi-Cola mixed with Energine. "This not only hits the spot," he boasts, "it wipes it out."

• • In St. Paul, an illusion was shattered when a designer of those spicy blotters aging execs (like myself) keep on their desks admitted that many of the scantily draped hussies depicted thereon are drawn partly from male models! His explanation: "Men generally have thinner ankles, better shape at the calves, and far trimmer thighs than women, with just the lines makers of calendars and blotters crave on their product." Amidst a chorus of derision, the designer cited the legs of Errol Flynn, Tony Curtis, Tyrone Power—and Jack Benny!—as proof of his assertions. —BENNETT CERF.

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Literary Sampler

THE FROST KING" was a little story which I wrote when I was ten years old. I really thought it was "out of my own head" and sent it as a birthday gift to Mr. Anagnos, director of the Perkins Institution. He was so pleased with it that he had it published; then, to Teacher's horror and mine, we discovered that I had plagiarized it from a story in Miss Margaret Canby's book "Birdie and His Fairy Friends"! I had evidently read it two or three years before or someone (not Teacher) had read it to me and I had forgotten all about it until it came back to me so vividly that I thought it was my own. Miss Canby was most understanding and generous and many of our friends stood by us. Proud and sensitive in all matters concerning my happiness, Teacher tried to revive my interest in literary effort by encouraging me to write a short story of my life for *The Youth's Companion*, but I could not express myself freely, so afraid was I that I might unintentionally copy something from another and again be accused of plagiarism.—*From "Teacher Anne Sullivan Macy," by Helen Keller (Doubleday).*

IN SHORT, the autumn of the Liberation was one long thrill for the inhabitants of Paris, and when Mistinguett, who by the most generous count had reached her seventies, reappeared on the stage of the Theatre de l'Étoile attired in a khaki uniform and riding in a property jeep it was conceded that the ultimate in patriotic fervor had found expression. But the Americans brought the Parisians back from the clouds to the realities of "business as usual," well expressed by posters which appeared in the principal streets with the message:

Congratulations on a Job
well done!
Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes
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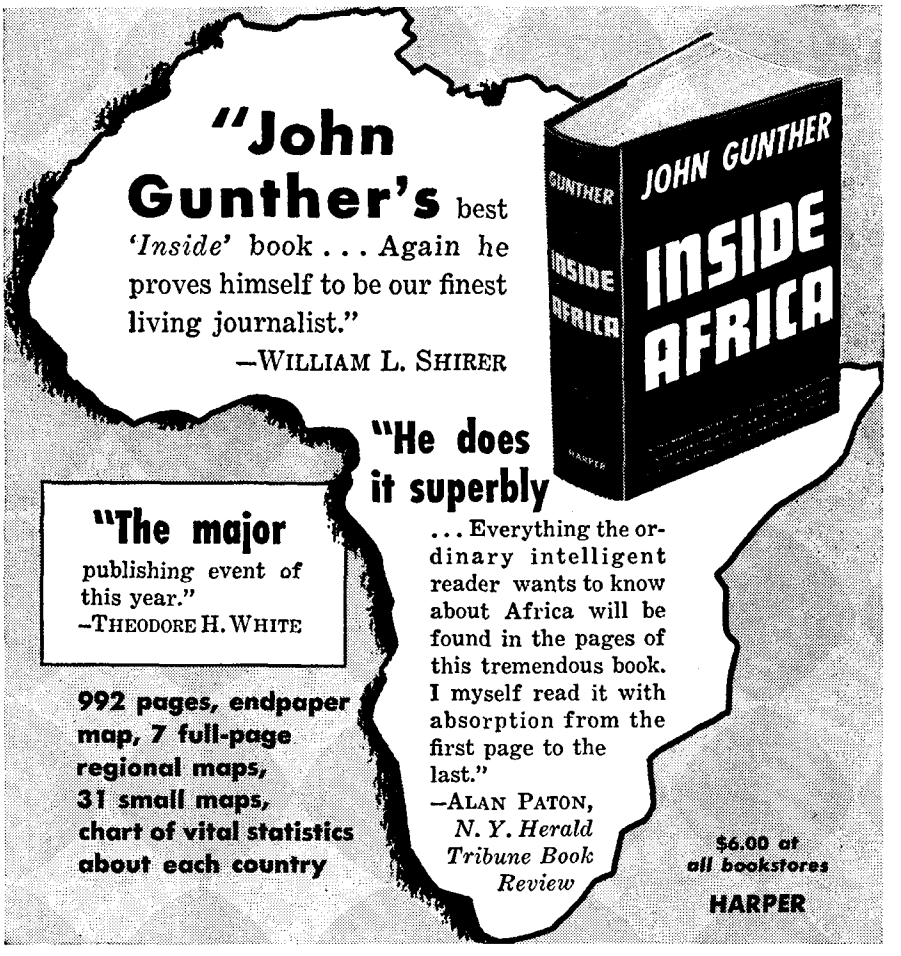
—*From "Liberated France," by Catherine Gavin (St. Martin's Press).*

THE OLD WOMEN (with plate lips) seemed delighted to be the center of attraction. We took photgraphs and rewarded them for giving up their day to us. I gave one of them a cigarette and the others crowded round as I lighted it for her, but she found smoking difficult with her distended lip.... I felt the old ladies would show a lively interest in anything I did with my own lips. As I applied my lipstick they watched fascinated.—*From "Leopard in My Lap," by Michaela Denis (Julian Messner, Inc.)*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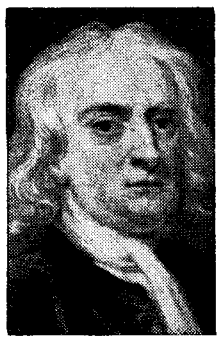
The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 5, 1955

Henry Ford



Isaac Newton

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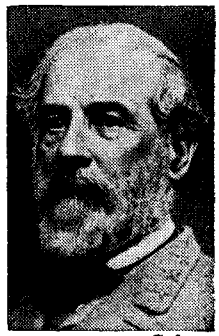

—*Culver.*

Robert E. Lee

IS HISTORY MADE BY HEROES?

Society may be seen as a pyramid of individuals and forces, and it's hard to tell—when you look at the man or force on top of the heap—whether he's leading or only standing on the backs of the ones lower down. Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia University since 1931 and author of many books, has been both a biographer looking at one man and a historian surveying the whole pyramid. He has come to the conclusion, which he discusses here, that biography has serious shortcomings as a means of writing and understanding history.

By ALLAN NEVINS

WHEN Archbishop Laud was put on trial by the Puritans for treason he was able to prove his innocence of the major crimes imputed to him. His accusers then said he should be put to death anyway. He had committed so many minor crimes that, all added together, they amounted to the major crime of treason. Laud was outraged. "This is the first time in my life," he roared, "that I ever heard men declare that 200 black cats make one black horse!" His remark has its application to the relations between biography and history.

Anyone can make an interesting experimental approach to history by taking a volume of the Dictionary of American Biography and reading several hundred pages. He will quickly perceive that, much as America has owed to its great men, it owes incomparably more to a host of useful men who achieved a lesser distinction. Indeed, any student of history must be troubled by the deceptive legends that gather about a few towering names. It is the fashion to credit almost every Union achievement in the Civil War, directly or indirectly, to the genius of Abraham Lincoln. It is the fashion to credit most of the accomplishments of the New Deal and half our exploits in the Second World War to the inspiration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. In government departments the Secretary gets credit for the work of bureau chiefs; in business corporations the president is praised for the successes of his subordinates. But the twenty-one volumes of the Dictionary of American Biography show what a host of inconspicuously useful men and women we have had, and how remarkable were the contributions that thousands of them made.

The bitterness with which thinkers have fought over the issue of "heroes" *vs.* "forces" is explained by its deep philosophical implications and its relation to current politics. Hegel, with his dialectical theory of history, believed in forces, and inspired Marx, who inspired Lenin. Carlyle, with his frank exaltation of the hero—"I say great men still are admirable; I say there is at bottom nothing else admirable"—has been quoted by all believers in "greatness." Herbert Spencer was on the side of the forces; to him history was social evolution, a march from the "primitive undifferentiated social aggregate" to complex social heterogeneity. But Emerson expressed the spirit of American individualism: "The search after great

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men," he wrote, "is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation of manhood."

The debate has been carried into our own time by such figures as James Harvey Robinson, with his "New History," and Arnold Toynbee, with his cyclical and religious interpretation of the past. Robinson, like his friend John Dewey, argued for the genetic approach to history; that is, for seeking in bygone forces and events the causal clues to the present. The explosion of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima was a bead in a long chain. Trace the chain back along its multiplying threads and then we can partly understand the epochal explosion; but the student must take into account geography, economics, sociology, psychology, and archeology, for they are all bound into the causal nexus. Robinson's history took little note of individual heroes. Yet we cannot ignore on the other side the weighty authority of Arnold Toynbee. His picture of rising and fading civilizations discloses a vigorous belief in the power of the elite, and of great leaders among the elite.

Beyond doubt periods of crisis and convulsion bring the great man into such strong relief that impersonal forces seem to drop into the background. Today, after forty years of war and turmoil, during which we have fixed our eyes on such commanding figures as Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Churchill, and Roosevelt, we may be in danger of overestimating the role of the hero. These men certainly never underestimated themselves! It is one of the paradoxes of this stormy time that the Communists, who in theory regard the faceless proletariat as supreme and who trample the aristocrat under foot, have in practice glorified Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin more than Rome glorified Caesar. But the question whether all the dominant figures of the two world wars had legitimate greatness and really shaped the course of history is not easily answered. We must not forget that Lincoln late in the Civil War frankly confessed that he had not controlled events; "Events," he said, "have controlled me."

IN certain fields of human action the social theory of history—the theory of impersonal forces enunciated by Herbert Spencer, Taine, and James Harvey Robinson—has special strength. In economic history as written during the last generation in America and England the individual seems unimportant and often quite disappears. Supply and demand, natural resources and machine power, cycles of boom and depression are what make economic history; and it must be added that they make much of it as dreary as an Arctic steppe. Once invention was treated as gloriously personal, and hearts thrilled to James Watt observing his mother's teakettle. But nowadays the socia theory of invention and technologica change reigns supreme, and if individuals are mentioned it is only to show how many men in how many countries almost simultaneously devised sewing-machines, telegraphs and electric lights.

The history of exploration might at first blush seem strikingly individualistic. What of the feats of Columbus of Livingstone, of Nansen? Could anything be more uniquely personal? But examined in detail against the full background of the times the work of Columbus himself becomes again part of a vast partnership of ideas techniques, and experience, until ever the importance of the most famous of Italian navigators grows dubious. In the American West our Clarks and Fremonts had the aid of a cohort of scouts, Indian-fighters, traders, and mountain-men. Exploration is as social an activity as invention. And this generalization applies to the exploration of thought. In the field of science we need think only of what is implied by the simultaneity of the discoveries made by Newton and Leibniz, Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace. Why should the planet Neptune be discovered at the same moment by the Frenchman Leverrier and the Englishman J. C. Adams working independently, and why should two Americans quarrel over the honor of first using anesthetics? Obviously these claimants were riding the same rising common denominator of general knowledge. Indeed, the whole history of thought may be called a social history.

But there are other categories of human action in which the leader theory, the idea of Carlyle, James, and Toynbee, seems specially tenable. One is literature and the arts. Here it is the most original spirits, the iconoclasts and innovators, whose handiwork shines brightest. Thoreau broke from the herd; Whitman's prosody (though it had traceable origins elsewhere) was essentially unique in form and spirit. If Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, James do not count as individuals they do not count at all. Similarly, the spiritual force that makes a potent religious leader can hardly be credited to Race and Environment; it must be more personal. I doubt if Puritanism can be understood except in the personal ardors of such men as Richard and Cotton Mather; or the Great Awakening except in the truly heroic fanaticism of Jonathan Edwards and the transcendent eloquence of Whitefield; or the peculiarly American marriage of religious fervor and

(*Continued on page 42*)

Time, the White Fox

By Edna L. S. Barker

THE startled mind within the mind
Sees suddenly the Arctic fox
At polar hour of midnight stand
Alone above the glacial rocks.
To what horizon does he run,
The quick, the beautiful, the sly
White hunter of the midnight sun?
The hour strikes as he barks. The sky
Curved on the world is a clock's face,
Auroral ribbons taut in air
Are numerals and the hands of Space,
But seldom seen as far as here.
The white fox limned against the light
Casts no shadow as he goes
With wild cry clamoring through the night,
Dwindling down the years of snows.
When in that moment of surprise
The unearthly creature stopped and whirled,
Gold topaz were his burning eyes,
His breath of frost, his fur snow-pearled . . .
My thoughts like frightened ptarmigans
Flew out, away, in scattered flocks,
Knowing he scorns all traps and guns
And never kennels in our clocks . . .
The white, the transitory fox.

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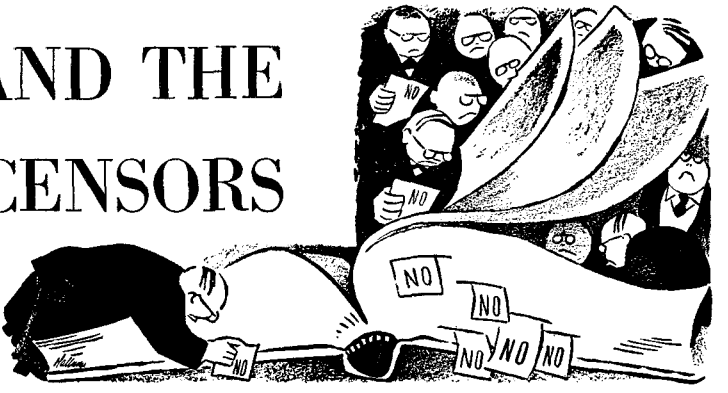
"PROFILE" AND THE CONGRESSIONAL CENSORS



By EMILY DAVIE, *a New Yorker who had only just settled back to enjoy the favorable reviews of her book, "Profile of America," when she found herself defending its patriotism.*

"DEFEND me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies," was the comment of Maréchal Villars as he took leave of Louis XIV. Many must echo this sentiment today as they observe the peculiar way Americans bicker over how to tell the American story abroad.

In discussing America's overseas information program in "Can Propaganda Make Friends?" [*SR* Sept. 17] Victor Lasky made the astonishing statement that "Obviously the reason the U.S. has been unable to sell itself abroad is we have little to sell."

This is the kind of hair-shirt philosophy that gives such despair to those who are trying to present a balanced picture of our country to the peoples of the world. Unhappily, Mr. Lasky's lack of confidence seems to be shared by a small but potent group in Congress who faced with decisions of how to present our story abroad become so fearful and confused that they create havoc where none really exists. The antics of this group are having a lethal effect on the programs of the USIA, whose job it is "to promote the better understanding of the United States among the peoples of the world and to strengthen cooperative international understanding."

An example of such Congressional confusion was the recent censorship of my book "Profile of America." Here was a source history telling the story of our country from its discovery by Leif Ericsson to President Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" proposals. With a foreword by Charles A. Lindbergh and introduction by Louis Bromfield, the book contains most of the nation's great documents, excerpts from the writings of our Presidents, pioneers, inventors, artists, and leaders in all fields. The story is told in words of the people who made our history and the text is dramatized with authentic pictures. For reasons never really made clear a House Subcommittee on Appropriations placed a ban on its future use by the government. As this case points up the need for better understanding of our information program, I think it is worth recording.

The USIA every year selects books it feels will best represent and explain America. Trial copies are then sent to our overseas libraries. These libraries then re-order according to each book's usefulness and demand in their area. In other words, no one man or group of men in Washington decides haphazardly how many copies shall be distributed; rather, the book's own success determines the numbers needed and its continued use. From trial copies sent last year the USIA received re-orders for over 300,000 copies of "Profile of America." This re-order of "Profile" is the largest request for a single volume in the history of the department. In spite of this, when the USIA asked for funds to meet the order two members of the House Subcommittee on Appropriations decided against the book. Though funds were granted for other books on the program the House report specified none could be used for "Profile." When asked at a press conference the reasons for this censorship John J. Rooney [D., Brooklyn], chairman of the Subcommittee and the man directly responsible for the ban, said: "All the members of the Subcommittee thought it was a fine book for American consumption. But when it comes to showing foreigners what foul balls we are that is something different." A glance at the Table of Contents makes one wonder who Mr. Rooney had in mind, and does he mean we should tell a different story abroad?

I then came across the following comment in the April 14 *Congressional Record* by a Congressman not on the Subcommittee: "I am mindful that the Committee eliminated all funds for the use of reproduction of 'Profile of America,' which I have had an opportunity to review and which I found to be objectionable, even obnoxious in parts . . . . I can well understand the position of the Committee and compliment them for stopping immediately any further reproduction and dissemination of this ill-conceived and damaging book. Obviously, I do not have in mind this type of book when I promote the Nonprofit Book Corporation."

IN THE May 11 *Congressional Record* it was with some relief that I read the following statement by Mrs. Katharine St. George [R.-N.Y.], "I have been deeply concerned at the virtual banning of the book 'Profile of America' by a Subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee. This book has received the highest praise from everyone who has read and studied it. Of course, I am well aware that the Subcommittee has not had the time to do either with the tremendous volume of work before them. Some of us have said so often, and so loudly, that we disapproved of book burning, censorship, and all other evils that would shackle the human mind and spirit. Now we are taking a history of our country, carefully edited, taking all facets of that history from the beginning to the present . . . we say it cannot be sent abroad. This would be funny if it were not tragic. . . . That such a book should be banned is at worst great comfort to our enemies and will be food for their propaganda specialists. At best it shows we are not yet adult in our thinking."

Though they had censored it nobody had yet given a specific reason for objecting to "Profile," but I realized that the stigma of Government rejection of a history book could seriously damage its domestic use in schools and libraries, as well as its overseas distribution, so I went to

(*Continued on page* 37)

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H. S. T. Self-Sketched

***"Year of Decisions," by Harry S. Truman** (Doubleday. 596 pp. $5), is the first published volume of the well-heralded memoirs of former President Truman, this one covering his entire first year in the White House. Our reviewer is Walter Millis, historian, analyst, author of "The Martial Spirit," and editor of "The Forrestal Diaries."*

By Walter Millis

HARRY S. Truman may yet go down in history as one of the ablest of our Presidents, and he will certainly go down as a unique figure in the record of that great office. Here he has written himself a book, and it is a big one—big in its nearly 600 pages, big in its grasp of the immense events with which it is concerned, and big in its straightforward, at times almost ingenuous, revelation of the special quality and character of its author.

The former President has no literary style whatever. His opening narrative of his sudden summons to the White House on April 12, 1945, and of what he did and whom he saw through each crowded day almost each hour of the next two weeks, has an almost schoolboy naivete. The letters to "Dear Mama & Mary" which he includes from time to time wonderfully convey the flavor, as in the one written on V-E Day:

> This will be a historical day. At 9:00 o'clock this morning I must make a broadcast to the country. . . . Have had one heck of a time with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. He, Stalin, and the U.S. President made an agreement to release the news all at once. . . . Mr. Churchill began calling me at daylight to know if we shouldn't make an immediate release without considering the Russians. He was refused and then he kept pushing me to talk to Stalin. He finally had to stick to the agreed plan—but he was mad as a wet hen.
>
> Things have moved at a terrific rate here since April 12. Never a day has gone by that some momentous decision didn't have to be made. . . . Lots & lots of love to you both.
>
> Harry.

But that he could make decisions was apparent from those first hours. Eleven days after he took office he was telling a conference of his advisers that "it was now obvious that our agreements with the Soviet Union had so far been a one-way street and that this could not continue," while later the same day he was repeating it bluntly to the formidable Molotov himself. "I have never been talked to like that in my life," exclaimed the Foreign Minister. "Carry out your agreements," said the President, "an you won't get talked to like that."

AS the narrative reaches the end c April Mr. Truman breaks off to giv an unpretentious account of his ori gins and of his past career—his boy hood, his war service, the failure wit the haberdashery store, his entry int Missouri politics, and his sound wor as chairman of the Senate specia committee on the conduct of th defense effort. It is an appealin document and one essential to a understanding of the very America processes by which this shrewd bu essentially simpleminded Missou farm boy, with a taste for histor books and a retentive memory, wa transformed into a statesman of worl stature, quite capable of taking car of himself in face of the greatest fig ures of his times. History, Mr. Tru man maintains, taught him a lot; lon before he reached the Presidency h had even learned from it how Genera McClellan "traded his leadership fo demagoguery" and how Lincoln "deal with an insubordinate general." Th barb seems plain, but refers to event falling beyond the period of this vol ume.

As the former President resume the story of the tremendous year afte V-E Day the interest shifts steadil from the personality of the author t the contributions which he makes t the history of that complex and tragi

—*Herblock in* The Washington Post *(1946).*

"You Mean Me, Harry?"

—*Fitzpatrick in* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch *(1945)*

"Strength to your arm, Mr. President."

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period. Mr. Truman here gives the first complete American account of the Potsdam Conference; he adds considerably to our knowledge of the way in which the Yalta terms were imposed on China, of the decision to use the atomic bomb and of the development of atomic policy, of the maneuvers over the Soviet entry against Japan, and of the tangled scramble at the end of the war—it would have been ludicrous had it not been of such tragic implications—over the collapsing Japanese. He also adds to our knowledge of many lesser events.

THE great unifying theme is, of course, the disintegration of the international fabric in the fires of the Soviet-Western quarrel. Clearly, matters might have been managed better, but in examining this record of what actually happened it is difficult to say that they were managed stupidly or badly. The new President began with two overriding considerations, both impressed upon him by his ablest advisers: that "to win the peace we had to have Russian help" and that to win the war with Japan we would have to bring Russia massively into the struggle.

As early as April George F. Kennan, from Moscow, was warning them that Stalin was prepared to accept a "free and democratic China" united under Chiang Kai-shek only because he knew that unification would be impossible except on terms acceptable to the Chinese Communists and because "a free China means to him a China in which there is a minimum of foreign influence other than Russian."

Apparently this did not sink home upon the new President, who was fearfully overburdened in his effort to catch up with the information which had been denied him as Vice President. (The State Department at the same time was submitting a policy paper recommending, in view of a possible disintegration of Chiang's government, "a degree of flexibility to permit cooperation with any other leadership in China which may give greater promise of unity.")

Mr. Truman in his first months still thought a peace based on cooperation with Russia was possible. He distrusted Churchill's efforts to hold maximum territory in Germany (Eisenhower thought this to be an unseemly injection of "political considerations into military operations") and to save British control of the eastern Mediterranean. "I was trying to get Churchill in a frame of mind to forget the old power politics and get a United Nations organization to work," President Truman writes. After that his own education in the importance of power politics was fairly rapid. There are some suggestive characterisations of the principals at Potsdam:

> It was funny to watch [Stalin]. Every time there was something like this, where the Russians had stolen the coffin and disposed of the body, he was always very careful to insist that it be settled through diplomatic channels. . . . Churchill was reluctant to abandon the terms of the Italian surrender and made a long speech. . . . Churchill always found it necessary in cases of this kind to make long statements and then agree to what had been done. . . . Stalin knew exactly what he wanted to say and what he wanted to obtain. . . . I felt [the President earlier explains] that I had heard enough of this. I told Churchill and Stalin that I had come to the conference to discuss world affairs. I did not come there to hold a police-court hearing on something which would eventually be settled by the United Nations.

BY the time he reached Potsdam Mr. Truman was fully aware that power counted. He was resolved that Russia was to have no part in the occupation of Japan, and then and thereafter he firmly parried all the many Soviet maneuvers to that end. But he still felt that Russian intervention was essential. His mistake seems to have lain in not grasping soon enough the importance of the Japanese peace feelers (which in the light of after-knowledge suggest that the war could have been won without the Russians) and in not realizing that the Russians were determined to intervene anyway and that the real problem was not to offer them inducements but rather to limit the claims which they would erect upon that action.

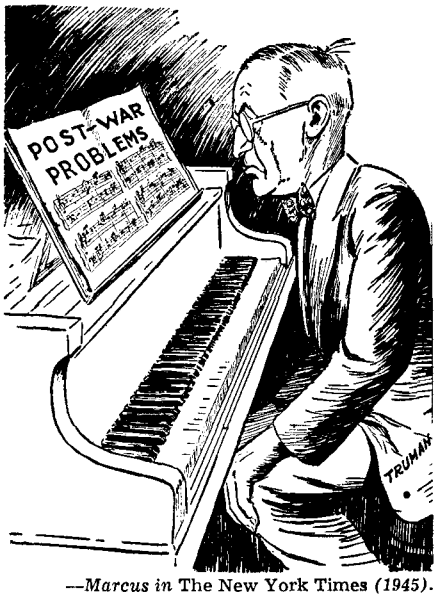
Disillusion was apparently sudden. The Hiroshima bomb was dropped on August 5. The Russians were then haggling with the Chinese for greater concessions and the President was still urging Chiang "to continue the talks in Moscow" because Stalin had said he would not intervene until he had an agreement with China. But as the bomb reverberated through the world Molotov "without warning" sent for Harriman and told him that Russia would be at war with Japan the next day. They had to act fast to get in under the wire.

The fact that the situation was not more clearly evaluated and that more was not attempted to avert the long train of disastrous consequences—reaching to the Red conquest of China and the Korean War—cannot be be laid wholly or perhaps even primarily at Mr. Truman's door. Perhaps no President, especially none coming to office bound by a vast corpus of past policy which he had had no share in making, could have done much to change the course of the grand drama, both sublime and ridiculous, which he here recounts. But he had been both shrewd and firm in grasping its essentials.

"Year of Decisions" runs on into 1946, the almost farcical episode of the elimination of Secretary Wallace being the closing incident. But its main concern is the end of the hot war and the beginning of the cold one. Looking forward the former President's final sentence observes that "the years ahead were to make great demands upon the wisdom, courage, and integrity of statesmen everywhere." Of these qualities this book shows that Mr. Truman has his share.

—*Doyle in* The Philadelphia Record.

"The Other End of Our Table."



—*Marcus in* The New York Times *(1945).*

"How Skilled a Pianist?"

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Politics on the Big Bench

"Nine Men: A Political History of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1790 to 1955," by Fred Rodell *(Random House. 338 pp. $5), is a popular political history of the nation's highest court from its inception to the present. Here it is reviewed by C. Herman Pritchett, chairman of the department of political science at the University of Chicago and author of "The Roosevelt Court."*

By C. Herman Pritchett

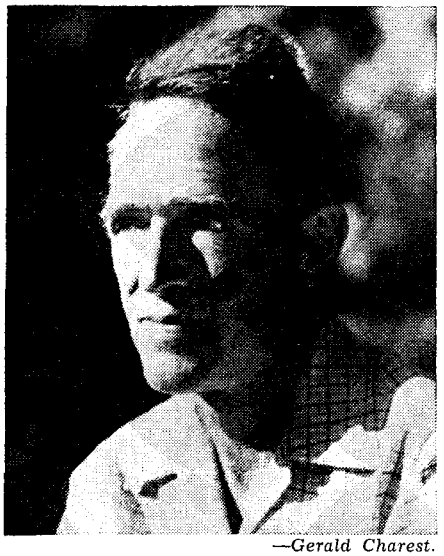
AUTHOR Fred Rodell is professor of law at Yale, but he does not act like one. He writes much too well and he does not worry about letting his prejudices show. This non-academic behavior results in a book so lively that it is only a question of time before it will appear in paperbacks with a picture of the goddess of justice in a low-cut gown on the cover.

Professor Rodell has undertaken to write a popular political history of the Supreme Court from 1790 right on up to press time. Dividing the Court's experience into eight periods, he skilfully blends a discussion of judicial personalities and issues into a fascinating story. There must be incisive thumbnail sketches of thirty or forty justices. Item: Justice Burton "plodding along in pursuit of old cases to use as precedents like a lady shopper trying to match colors." Even the chapter headings are chatty little summaries of what Mr. Rodell thinks went on during those eight eras. Item: for the New Deal Court from 1939 to 1949 his pithy title is "A court attuned to a liberal key develops its own discordance."

Now about those prejudices of Mr. Rodell. He confesses frankly in his preface that he admires liberals, whom he defines as "lookers-after-the-other-fellow," more than conservatives, whom he does not define but who must by inference be those who look out for themselves. He himself being aware of this prejudice, he says that he has leaned over backward "to give the devils more than their due," but still the good guys and the bad guys are as starkly defined as in a horse opera.

Unhappily, his second prejudice is more than a prejudice; it is the theme of the book. It is that the Supreme Court throughout our history has been a political institution, "the tool of a political clique." Certain popular myths, more prevalent formerly than now, have held the Court to be a kind of collective mind which merely finds the law in the Constitution and which does not make it up out of the autobiographies of the justices. Mr. Rodell need expect little argument when he attacks those myths today, but it is useful to be reminded that picking or packing courts for political purposes did not originate with the New Deal. In fact Rodell says that no President ever did a more thorough job of packing the Federal courts for partisan goals than did Washington.

Obviously Mr. Rodell is a hard-boiled realist about the Court. Justice Clark he suggests was possibly appointed to the Court because Chief Justice Vinson wanted at least one colleague who knew less law than he did. But has Mr. Rodell himself been realistic in his appraisal of the Supreme Court's power? He describes the Court as "nine non-elected and often haphazardly chosen men wielding the top political power in an otherwise democratic government." Now it is true that there are few periods in our history when a liberal could be happy with the Court, and the harm it has done to liberal legislation has been sometimes great. But to conceive of the Court as habitually the "top political power" in American government leads Mr. Rodell into such a ridiculous conclusion as this one: that from 1934 to 1937 Justice Roberts, the Court's swing-man in its numerous five to four decisions, was the "most powerful person in the United States." After all, a man named Franklin D. Roosevelt was also alive at that time.



—*Gerald Charest.*

Fred Rodell—"liberal animus."

MR. RODELL'S liberal animus toward the Court results in other distortions. One would think that viewing the Court as irresponsibly powerful he would applaud such efforts as the Court has made to limit or yield up some of its authority. Instead he attacks the Court for its refusal to give advisory opinions to Congress or the President, which he says merely results in years of delay in settling constitutional controversies and which limits the Court to a purely negative function. But does Mr. Rodell really think it would have been preferable to have had the Court advise Congress that the NRA was unconstitutional *before* the act was passed?

All in all the Supreme Court has a pretty hard time pleasing Mr. Rodell. But most of his criticisms are justified, and there will be general agreement with the preeminence he assigns to Chief Justice Marshall and to Justice Holmes. His reasons for accepting Marshall as "the great Chief Justice" are, of course, suitably unorthodox. They are Marshall's "contempt for legalism, the concern for the end product, the conception of the Court as a stark political instrument." Marshall was great "because he used the Court as a means to achieve the goals he was after, however he had to bend or twist the law to achieve them." Then Mr. Rodell closes his book with an appraisal of our present Chief Justice, Earl Warren, as a "potentially great" Chief Justice who has the same political concept of his job that Marshall had.

Moaning Dove

By Hugo F. Basch

BEFORE dawn a moaning dove
doodles forth monotony

Eastward flying through a breeze
where the first pink paints the morning,
chirps of voices
high pitched fiddles
counterpoints the harmonies
and abate to naught.

Undisturbed the somber bird
swells and ebbs its sigh and grief.

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Intellectuals Victorious

"Triumph of the Eggheads," by Horace Coon *(Random House. 309 pp. $4), is one egghead's attempt to prove that in times of crisis it is to such eggheads as Jefferson, Wilson, and FDR that the nation usually turns. Arthur S. Link, who reviews it here, is professor of history at Northwestern University and the author of "Woodrow Wilson and the Progressive Era."*

By Arthur S. Link

THIS one is for the eggheads. An egghead explains Mr. Coon by way of definition is "an adult who believes in intelligence as an instrument for social change, who believes in reason and rationality as a test for evaluating political issues." He then goes on to write generally about intellectuals in American public life and particularly about Jefferson, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Stevenson. These are the men who Mr. Coon thinks answered the great challenges of their time by appealing to reason and by using intelligence to help find answers. Ending on a triumphant note, he sees the coming of the day when Adlai Stevenson will win the Presidency and restore intellectuals to their proper places in Washington.

"Here," Mr. Coon's publishers tell us on the dust jacket, "is the inspiring pattern of American liberalism from the first democratic revolution led by Jefferson in 1800 to the great egghead campaign led by Stevenson in 1952. . . . Never before has the role of the intellectuals been examined with such sympathy and humor." And nobody can say that Mr. Coon has not tried to tell how ideas and the men who conceived or sponsored them have helped to shape American history.

"TRIUMPH OF THE EGGHEADS" has certain undeniable merits. Its basic concept is sound, for we have long needed a general study of the role of ideas and intellectuals in American political history. The book is broad and sweeping and will appeal to the general reader. Finally, Mr. Coon writes vividly and with pungent humor. But we do not want to exaggerate or misrepresent, for the truth is that the author has not written a good book.

This is true in part because Mr. Coon writes more like a pamphleteer for the Democratic National Committee than like an historian. His bias has caused Mr. Coon, unconsciously we might suppose, to distort a great deal of what has happened in the United States since 1900. There is the way, for example, in which he glorifies Wilson at the expense of Theodore Roosevelt. Now, no one would deny that Wilson was an egghead by Mr. Coon's definition and a great leader as well. But so also was Theodore Roosevelt. Indeed, he was a far greater egghead than Wilson and made substantially larger contributions to the development of modern American progressivism. And yet the Roosevelt that Mr. Coon portrays is a dilettante and a sham reformer, who impeded the progressive movement more than he helped it.

Or, to cite a second example, there is the manner in which the author answers the critics of Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policies during the late 1930s. By asking whether Roosevelt planned the Pearl Harbor attack in order to involve the United States in war with Japan he sets up a straw man easily demolished. It is true that there is no evidence that Roosevelt planned or anticipated the attack on Pearl Harbor. But the larger question —whether American policy toward Japan from 1938 to 1941 did in fact make Pearl Harbor almost inevitable —remains unconfronted and unanswered.

Unhappily, partisanship has rendered Mr. Coon virtually incapable of being fair to the opponents of his egghead heroes. All political virtue since 1900 has not been concentrated in a few Democratic leaders. Nor have their opponents always represented a phalanx of plutocrats, oppressors of labor, and enemies of mankind in general. In short, Democrats have not always worn wings and Republicans not always horns.

Finally, there is the matter of accuracy. Mr. Coon has far exceeded his quota of errors. Most of them are minor errors of fact, but some are important and stem from the author's refusal to accept his heroes and their opponents for what they were. It does not seem unreasonable to ask that an egghead observe the canons of scholarship while writing about eggheads.

Marquis Childs—"superb journalism."

War Almost

"The Ragged Edge: The Diary of a Crisis," by Marquis Childs *(Doubleday. 251 pp. $3.50), is a day-by-day report of that dark period in international relations which began at the end of the Berlin Conference in 1954, all written by a well-known newspaper columnist. Here the book is reviewed by Ernest K. Lindley, newsman and director of the Washington bureau of the magazine* Newsweek.

By Ernest K. Lindley

AS A reporter Marquis Childs, who writes a political column which appears in hundreds of the country's newspapers, is excellent. For his columns and now for this book he has gathered information energetically and set it forth honestly. He is a felicitous writer, with an acute eye for the detail which illuminates character or reflects mood, and he has the descriptive power to make you feel always that you are at his side, whether he is in Berlin, Geneva, or Casablanca, or at a Presidential press conference. Yet his reporting has depth. He enjoys easy access to the men who make policy for the Western world and he understands their purposes and methods. In addition he has a reflective mind and the sense of values and experience necessary to make worthwhile evaluations. Now, in "The Ragged Edge" he has achieved the finest blend of the skills, the knowledge, and the integrity which make him one of the best journalists of our time.

The "ragged edge" of Mr. Childs's

(*Continued on page* 41)

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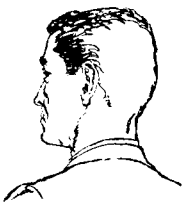
Big Man with Soul



—Jacket design.

***"Cash McCall," by Cameron Hawley** (Houghton Mifflin. 444 pp. $3.95), is the highly publicized story of a big hotel operator who buys and sells companies, all the while trying to maintain his own integrity. As a novelist Mr. Hawley is also the author of "Executive Suite," another recent novel about the world of business.*

By Walter Havighurst

EVER since the days when Howells and Norris were holding sway the business-novel in America has shown men struggling for wealth and power at the risk of their integrity. Now Cameron Hawley, whose "Executive Suite" hit the best-seller lists not so long ago, has written his second novel about the business world. It is a novel which has already had its full share of publicity, having been digested and featured (with pictures) in *Life* magazine, and as a result the novel itself may become something of a business in its own right.

This week, as the novel neared its publication date, the reviewing world at large had a good look at it and found that author Hawley's book, as is to be expected, bears some notable differences from those of authors Howells and Norris. Mr. Hawley writes from a practical knowledge that most novelists do not possess, and he gives the businessman, even the "big operator," a better balance sheet than did his predecessors. The enterprise system, he assumes, means the right to get rich within the rules. In "Cash McCall" he shows a chivalrous and responsible man in the act of making another million.

Cash McCall buys and sells companies. Still a young man, not past forty, he has made fortunes and is on his way to making more. But his deal for the Suffolk Moulding Company is different from his other deals. It is different because the owner of the company is the father of a girl with whom he once had a brief and unforgettable love affair. The transaction is further complicated by the scheming of an ambitious and psychotic woman whom McCall hardly knows. When he is made to appear guilty of fraud, deceit, and breach of confidence he searches himself for guilt or error. Since his motives were blameless from the start he easily passes this self-examination.

The novel has a steady drive, a changing and always active scene, a number of believable and interdependent people. Problems develop, come to a crisis, and are believably settled. Though the characters are too thin to make one take sides in their struggle the picture of what goes on in the big banks, the law offices, the clubs, and hotel suites while millions of dollars are at stake will fascinate almost any American reader. Or any other reader.

Still, there is confusion in the novel. Mr. Hawley's method is to let a reader learn about McCall through rumor and innuendo, and it is a misleading method. When a book begins with expense-account-men in "one of the ten most expensive restaurants in the world," and with Internal Revenue agents asking about the tenant of a lavish suite at the top of the hotel, it looks like the beginning of an exposé. When the man of mystery, who is not brought to view for 150 pages, is named Cash McCall the scales seem weighted against him. But Mr. Hawley, unlike some of his predecessors, is writing about a man of poise and integrity who plays for big money but is most concerned with fairly winning the game. The novel is sprinkled with references to spectacular deals, undercover operations, tax-evasion, and the juggling of tax laws; yet no stain rubs off on the biggest operator of all. What began like exposé ends as apologia.

THIS must be the way today's big money is made and spent, for the business story is intricate, clear, and convincing. (The love story is written with less assurance and with less success.) But Cash McCall's attitude toward money is confusing, and this is a weakness of the novel. Though Cash says that money is not his motive the novel emphasizes his scale of living—his converted B-26, his mountain estate, his collection of East Indian art. So there is something inconclusive about Mr. Hawley's conclusion that behind Cash's tireless pursuit of the big money is a concern for the men who stream through the plant gates when factory whistles blow. There have been some very rich men, in fact and in fiction, who could take money or leave it. But none of them was named Cash McCall.

In China I Learned About Gardens

By Merrill Moore

CHINA taught so many things to me;
I think I understand simplicity
In art.
I think that I can understand
The functional,
Since I have been in China.

I understand something new about a wall,
A gate or an enclosure,
simple rocks
Carefully considered and before placing
To give that artificial-natural
Effect.
China teaches everything
To strangers such as I who venture there;

I do not know exactly what it does,
But China does it in a singularly
Quiet and unmentionable way;

China has so many things to say.

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New Faces and New Leeds

***'A Charmed Life," by Mary McCarthy** (Harcourt, Brace. 313 pp. $3.95), is a fictional dissection of a New England resort village by a novelist and short-story writer whose works have long attracted wide attention.*

By James Kelly

IT IS extremely difficult to say who wrote "A Charmed Life." Or, for that matter, "The Groves of Academe," two other novels by the same author, and quite a few short stories. Was it a suave poltergeist made of bright new ectoplasm who delights in tinkling bells, opening secret drawers, and making people trip over their own pretensions? Or was it an annoyed biologist who dissects for the sheer animal pleasure of it, not really believing that there's a chance of finding the secret inside? Or was it a sophisticated librarian who, in order to relieve the monotony, sets about making a catalogue of modern intellectual foibles? Whoever or whatever, Mary McCarthy has put all these artisans to work in her new novel of the characters who inhabit the domestic and intellectual bohemia of an New England resort village named New Leeds.

One might call "A Charmed Life" a short story of Northern decay (no magnolias) which has been wittily and comedically extended to novel length. A long central section devoted to a cocktail reading of Racine's "Bérénice," with some related discussion of "Hamlet" and of the moral positions of Kant and Shaw, will have more Message for English majors than fiction fans. A catchy comparison of "Bérénice" to the romance of Edward and his Duchess offers academic ingenuity without relevance. But Miss McCarthy directs her primary attention to the pressure points of all people, to the pretenses of second-rate people, and to intellectual poses wherever she can find them, with a total effect roughly comparable to that of a dismal pageant on a sunny day. Exasperatingly, in view of the author's mettle, there's more manner than content in a promising situation where "everything in the village was relentlessly running down, buckling, warping, mildewing —including the human beings."

When a witty, wanton ex-actress named Martha Sinnott returns to New Leeds with a new husband, she does it defiantly. For this is the scene of her first marriage (and its scandalous ending) to a porcine writer and former psychiatrist named Miles Murphy, who lives here now with an obedient second wife. Martha and John Sinnott are vulnerable and on the fearful defensive. Miles is the aggressive, offensive male in this well-thumbed predicament. And when the two protagonists find themselves alone and in flames, following the party where "Bérénice" is devoured, a set of deceits and adjustments comes into play which would be tragic if the author had been able to bring it about by inevitability instead of brisk coincidence. Miss McCarthy, however, writes, "She was tired of knowing the truth (sic) as it piled up, leaving less and less room for hope and illusions."

THERE are many side diversions, supplied by natives and other exurbanites as they go about daily tribal customs. Warren Coe, a chivalrous, naively decent, intellectually curious painter, follows the lead of Miles Murphy and Martha in all things mental, though it sometimes puts him at odds with his malicious gossip of a wife. Even when Miles buys Warren's painting of Martha and sets up a movement to "discover" the latter, the artist never realizes the Freudian circumstances. Dolly Lamb, a blushing spinster painter, serves as a type of weeping wall until her own good will involves her in the dirty domestic wash of an art critic who lives like Thoreau and talks like Isadora Duncan's brother. "The true individualist has the courage to wear a mask," he tells her.

Miss McCarthy's characters goad each other on. They are worldly, vivid, and entertaining. To like one is to like them all, since their speech and eccentricities were obviously tailored in the same shop. That this is situation comedy, most onlookers will accept. And for the first hundred pages or so of "A Charmed Life" the delighted reader may feel that here is a book he has been waiting for. After that the enjoyment will depend upon how much bitter candy he can eat, unless he belongs to a growing McCarthy audience which can be transfixed for the duration.

—Cecil Beaton.

THE AUTHOR: On the publication day of "A Charmed Life" its highly attractive author, Mary McCarthy, will be in Venice soaking up atmosphere for a travel book about that city. But even from that far point she will be anxiously awaiting the critical returns on whether in this novel she has been able to bring depth and emotion to her work. For the charge of intellectual-brilliance-without-heart has been leveled at her since the publication of her first novel, "The Company She Keeps," in 1942.

Today Miss McCarthy's partisans feel that she has struck her vein of emotional understanding, and, being human, readers of "A Charmed Life" are likely to forget the question of Miss McCarthy's emotional growth in favor of speculation about the town of New Leeds, locale of the book. Of it the author writes, "Everything there has a menacing shadow before it, a shade of future perdition." Miss McCarthy herself is careful not to say precisely where New Leeds might be (bits of the book appeared in *The New Yorker* and speculation began then). But the facts of her recent life may bring some clues. Born in Seattle, educated at Catholic schools and at Vassar (Phi Beta Kappa), Miss McCarthy for some years was best known as the wife of essayist-critic Edmund Wilson. Now divorced from Mr. Wilson, she is firmly established as a writer on her own and is married to Bowden Broadwater. Recently the two have lived in Newport, R. I., and on Cape Cod in Wellfleet, Mass. Which logically leads to the supposition that New Leeds may be a mixture of both towns.

One inevitable question remains: Miss McCarthy's looks. For years our best looking authoress ("She looks like a glamour girl and writes like a man who has been around," one reviewer opined) she has now reached the respectable age of forty-three. On her current trip a photographer who years ago photographed her cool loveliness apprehensively sought her out. Afterward he was not sorry. "She's still one of our real beauties," he said, in tones of relief.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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French Islam

"The Spider's House," by Paul Bowles *(Random House. 406 pp. $3.95), is primarily a novel of characters and ideas set in the centuries-old city of Fez, French Morocco. With it Mr. Bowles, who has received wide critical attention in the past, publishes his fourth work of fiction.*

By William Peden

RECENT spectacular news stories have dramatically underscored the fact that of all the trouble spots which plague the world today none has a greater potentiality for danger than the North African protectorate of French Morocco. During half a century of uneasy French rule it has become a cauldron of conflicting interests frequently boiling into full-fledged warfare, and of all the individual powder kegs in this vast arsenal none is said to be a greater center of resistance to the French than the centuries-old city of Fez, in French Morocco, which is the scene of Paul Bowles's new novel, "The Spider's House."

An indefatigable traveler and long-time resident of North Africa and the Near East, Paul Bowles knows the Arab world and seemingly understands it as very few "foreigners" have. "The Spider's House" is his fourth work of fiction and unquestionably his best. It is alive with the drama of a few tension-filled days in present-day Fez, its action culminating in open warfare between the French and the Moslems.

The novel is primarily one of character and idea. It is a delineation of good and evil, centering on the contrasting personalities of a fortyish American novelist named John Stenham and a Moslem boy named Amar. Stenham is a New Englander who for years has lived in Morocco. A one-time Communist who had joined the party "just for the hell of it," he has turned his back on politics in particular and on the active world in general. He is a symbol of paralyzing intellectuality.

IN INDIVIDUAL Moslems Stenham eventually begins to see the embodiment of what he himself has striven to attain—the "mystery of man at peace with himself." Morocco, when he first knew it, was a "pure" country. Now, it is a house divided against itself. The Moslems fear and hate all Nazarenes and in particular the French. ("The great ambition of every Frenchman in Morocco was to kill as many Moslems as possible," says Amar). In this house also the medieval and the modern are in violent juxtaposition, and the individual is ground to powder between the maneuverings of the French colonial secret police, the national terrorists, and the professional revolutionaries.

Within this web of espionage, subversion, and nationalistic intrigue Stenham's path finally crosses that of the boy Amar, who is the son of a Moslem holy man. Amar is a masterly creation. Although he hates and fears savagely and violently, he is the only character in the novel who is above and beyond corruption. A lonely, abused figure, he is alone in his integrity as he threads his way, untarnished, through a quagmire of deceit, intrigue, and hypocrisy. His subsequent involvement in the personal affairs of Stenham and in the larger conflicts of opposing political movements are the high points of a novel that is engrossing, suspenseful, and meaningful.

The world and the people created by Mr. Bowles are completely convincing. "The Spider's House" is not a pleasant book, and its uncompromising portrayal of individual, group, and national wrongdoing will disturb the romantic or the squeamish reader. But this is the work of a mature writer who has freed himself from the excesses and eccentricities of his earlier fiction, who has something significant to say, and who says it with authority, power, and frequently with beauty.

—*Ahmed el Yacoubi.*

Paul Bowles—"power . . . beauty."

Life of Isaiah-II

"The Prophet," by Sholem Asch *(translated by Arthur Saul Super. G. P. Putnam's. 343 pp. $4), is the fifth and final novel by which that writer has interpreted in modern terms the Messianic tradition which permeates both Judaism and Christianity. In this book he tells the story of the little-known prophet named Deutero-Isaiah.*

By Bradford Smith

ON HIS seventy-fifth birthday Sholom Asch, in the final volume of his own Pentateuch, presents the second Isaiah whose lyric utterances—"Every valley shall be exalted," "O thou that tellest good tidings," "How beautiful upon the mountains," "Surely he hath borne our griefs"—are known to millions by way of Handel's "Messiah." Only Biblical scholars would know—and Mr. Asch does not make it sufficiently plain—that the book of Isaiah consists of writings from two or more hands. Of these Mr. Asch's hero is the second, the "Deutero-Isaiah" whose words foretell the redeemer who shall be "wounded for our transgressions." Mr. Asch has liberally spread the noble poetry of this inspired prophet throughout his book, imagining the conditions and then setting the scenes in which it may have been spoken, and since little or nothing is actually known about this particular prophet Mr. Asch has a clear field.

The book opens—after a rather long and heavy description of Babylon—in the hall of King Nabonidus where Belshazzar, the prince regent, has arranged a great feast in honor of Gimil, chief harlot votary of the goddess Ishtar. At the height of the pagan revels, when the sacred vessels of the Jews are being profaned, the famous handwriting appears on the wall and the aged Daniel is called to interpret it.

Babylon at this time is full of Jews, from the poor and humble up to the princes of Judah and the high priests whom Nebuchadnezzar had forced out of Jerusalem when he conquered it. Among these exiles comes a young man who has taken the name of the revered prophet Isaiah. He prophesies that the Persian king Cyrus will conquer Babylon and will thus be doing the work of the Lord. But Cyrus, victorious, disappoints the prophet by declaring the pagan god Bel Merodach rather than Jehovah to be the

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WRITERS AND WRITING

A Great Hero of Letters

***"The Achievement of Samuel Johnson," by Walter Jackson Bate** (Oxford University Press. 248 pp. $4.50), attempts to prove that the well-known eighteenth-century literary figure was as good a writer as he was a talker. Joseph Wood Krutch, our reviewer, is the author of a widely read and highly regarded biography of Johnson.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

WHEN Samuel Johnson died he was regarded in England as the perfect example of what Carlyle was to call "The Hero as Man of Letters." By Carlyle's own time Johnson had shrunk to a mere eccentric personality and by the beginning of our own century there were those who regarded both him and Boswell's "Life" of him as high on the list of the world's great bores. Now the curve of his rehabilitation has followed precisely the curve of his decline. Johnson "came back" as an amusing talker in the pages of Boswell; in certain circles at least he is now being referred to again as a great writer as well. Professor Bate's book is the first modern work to treat him primarily as the profound thinker he was. It almost looks as though we were about to get the whole great man back again.

Professor Bate is no popularizer. His book is closely written and cannot possibly find the audience which easier books have won. But it can hardly fail to impress those who will take the trouble to read it, and it has two very great virtues. It deals primarily with Johnson's thought rather than with his personality or his eccentricity and it digs deep into those periodical essays which his contemporaries so much admired but which modern readers have almost completely neglected. There is, I think, no other way in which Johnson the thinker can be recovered.

Many who ought to know better still sometimes speak as though Johnson's own literary works were merely elephantine pomposities occasionally illuminated by flashes of the witty intransigence which enlivened his conversation. If they were not put off by his now unfashionable vocabulary and his tendency to operate often on a higher level of abstraction than modern writing tends to favor they would perceive that few men have ever pondered more persistently upon the human predicament or ever traced more perceptively the labyrinthine ways of the human mind. He was one of the greatest of descriptive psychologists and he knew as well as anyone has ever known the truth of Pope's description of man: "Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;/Still by himself abused or disabused;/Created half to rise and half to fall/Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all."

Everybody knows, for instance, that Johnson called remarriage "the triumph of hope over experience." Too few realize that this is not only witty and cynical but that it is also solidly founded upon an inclusive understanding of the general fact more compendiously stated in one of those abstractions which for some curious reason a hundred years have found repellent: "The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure but from hope to hope." Scattered through the essays and, of course, through the only somewhat neglected "Rasselas" are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of equally succinct generalizations and an equal number of shrewd comments on specific behavior. What did Thorstein Veblen ever say which is not summarized in Johnson's remark that we "fill our houses with useless ornaments, only to show that we can buy them"? Do not the Freudians claim originality for having discovered "a kind of anxious cleanliness—the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery, shunning suspicion"?

The core of Professor Bate's book is the three chapters which take as titles three of Johnson's phrases: "The Hunger of Imagination," "The Treachery of the Human Heart," and "The Stability of Truth." No one else, I think, has ever more successfully attempted to codify the profoundest of Johnson's convictions in such a way as to illuminate and unify his thinking. Perhaps the most significant difference between what is called Johnson's pessimism or his sense of the unsatisfactoriness of human life and the more familiar "disillusion" of more recent writers is this: To him the unsatisfied "hunger of imagination" is not for something which does not exist but for something which has not been found. "Few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man," he has written. Wisdom consists in filling as many of them as possible with objects which are as little inadequate as one can find. The Christian hope, to which Johnson somewhat desperately clung, is simply this: since man, unlike the beasts, is never satisfied in this life the fact that he is not satisfied may imply another in which his capacities will find full employment.

"Son, this is the third fatted calf we've had to slay for you! When are you going to settle down?"

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The Too Old Boy

***"Portrait of Barrie," by Cynthia Asquith** (E. P. Dutton. 230 pp. $3.50), brings together some reminiscences by his secretary of the author of "Peter Pan" during the last twenty years of his life. Here it is reviewed by Edgar Johnson, chairman of the English department of the City College of New York and author of several biographies.*

By Edgar Johnson

"PORTRAIT OF BARRIE," as its title implies, is not a formal, full-length biography. Instead it is a colorful, impressionistic mingling of reminiscence and character by Cynthia Asquith, Barrie's secretary and friend for the last twenty years of his life. During these years—unless we except the official honors that continued to pour in upon him—there were no important or dramatic events in Barrie's life. He had already written the work on which his fame and popularity rested. He now turned out only infrequent trifles, save for the tenuous and touching "Mary Rose" and for "The Boy David," whose relative failure on the stage deeply distressed him.

His life moved peacefully between his tobacco-laden, smoke-stained Adelphi flat high above the Thames (with its cavelike, ash-heaped fireplace on a dais dominating one side of his book-lined room) and Stanways, the country retreat he rented in Gloucestershire, a golden, gabled house with a tremendous latticed oriel window. The man portrayed against these backgrounds emerges from hundreds of little strokes: his sad, sunken eyes of an unbelievably bright blue, his huge domed forehead, the hoarse, mournful voice with its rumbling burr interrupted by a constant cough from the smoke of his great bull-dog pipe; the figure whose tininess so troubled him that he perversely emphasized it. (At Hardy's funeral Bernard Shaw felt his own tall and striking presence quite eclipsed: "Barrie, blast him!" Shaw said. "Made himself look specially small.")

Only a few samples can be given of the character touches by which he is painted in this book, but they are quite as vivid as the physical description. We see him playing games, even tricks with tumblers, plates, and corks, and beating H. G. Wells at them all. "I wish," he said mischievously, "we could think of something Wells *can* do. Tell us about the Martians, Wells." At croquet he could whack his ball so as to make it leap right over an intervening ball and sail triumphantly through a wicket. Clearing out his chaotic desk his startled secretary found £1,700 in uncashed checks. His butler was an erudite reader of the Greek and Latin classics who while carving the lamb might quietly murmur "Wasn't it Petra, sir?" when none of the guests could remember the city referred to in the line "A rose-red city half as old as Time." His cook believed that the proper way to serve oysters was to disinter the corpse from its shell and bring each diner a single one lying appallingly naked on a bit of toast.

Cynthia Asquith—"vivid . . . revealing."

Barrie was not, Mrs. Asquith insists, a prototype of his own Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up. On the contrary, hard childhood circumstances had forced his growing up too quickly and made Peter a wish-fulfillment of what had never been. And Barrie hated being called "whimsical"; he was delighted when one London critic spoke of his "sneer" and called him "cruel as well as sinister."

Besides the cumulative touches by which Barrie himself is conveyed there are many bright word-vignettes of other people: Augustine Birrell, Charles Whibley, Professor Tonks, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sir Walter Raleigh, and G. K. Chesterton. The book does not follow a strict chronological order, and it is a pity that in the latter half the material becomes dull and the writing flat; there should have been drastic cuts and a more careful polishing. Nevertheless, the first half is not only entertaining, but full of vivid and revealing portrayal of a character.

Crossing the Critics

***"Longfellow: A Full-Length Portrait," by Edward Wagenknech** (Longmans, Green. 384 pp. $6), a tempts to measure the true stature a famous nineteenth-century America poet. Our reviewer, Leon Edel, is th author of the highly regarded "Henr James: The Untried Years."*

By Leon Edel

TO SPECIFY that the biograph of a poet named Long-fellow is full length is a jest worthy of Fal staff. But a reading of "Longfellow A Full-Length Portrait" soon ban ishes any frivolous notions whic author Wagenknecht may imply i his title. Mr. Wagenknecht is deadl serious, and his concern with the sta ture of Henry Wadsworth Longfel low—who wasn't quite as tall as h name—is with his critical stature. A a biographer he feels that the poe has been made out smaller than h was by a debunking generation critics, and so he sets out to debun the debunkers, a popular exercis these days.

To measure the critical stature Longfellow is perhaps more difficu than might be supposed, since th poet is woven for so many of u into the emotions of the nursery an of the grade-school. If we did nc lisp "Hiawatha" at a breakneck pac we celebrated the brawn of the vil lage blacksmith or the thrill of Pau Revere's ride, or we had to listen t hushed readings of "The Children' Hour." A name thus encrusted wit old emotions, individual and even na tional, figures as something of a myt to which some have become allergi and which to others has the so glow of a childhood and unforgettabl past.

Such a familiar figure particularl demands critical illumination and ju dicial appraisal, but Mr. Wagen knecht's biography, it is to be feare is stronger in praise than in ap praisal. He is both defensive and bel licose in his bestowal of it. A poe he holds is either great or he isn great, and it's up to the biographe to lay down the law and flatten ou the dissenters. There is nothing wron with this kind of literary study fo it does have the strength of its en thusiasm even when it tends to b short on critical perspective. But i is a rather old-fashioned approach a little out of harmony with a centur which has taught us that in the eval

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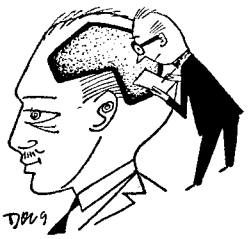
PSYCHIATRY



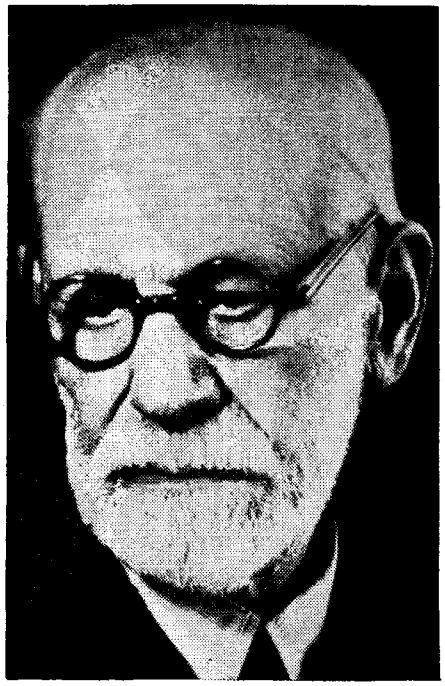
To Rome and Motherland

"The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud: 1901-1919, The Years of Maturity," by Ernest Jones *(Basic Books. 512 pp. $6.75), is the second volume of a projected three-volume biography of the life of the founder of psychoanalysis. John Pfeiffer, who reviews it here, has long been covering the field of psychiatry for magazines and newspapers.*

By John Pfeiffer

LATE in the summer of 1901 at the ripe age of forty-five Sigmund Freud entered Rome, the Mother of Cities, for the first time. He regarded the act as "the high-point of my life." It was an experience which Freud had long yearned for, and yet he feared it so intensely that he could not bring himself to pass through the city's gates until he had spent four terrible years psychoanalyzing himself. The entry into Rome is the opening event of the newly published second volume of Ernest Jones's great biography, "The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud," and represents a major theme of this volume.

Before Freud overcame his mysterious taboo he had worked in relative isolation and obscurity. Afterwards he soared into prominence, and in this volume Dr. Jones, honorary president of the International Psychoanalytical Association and Freud's associate for nearly forty years, covers a generation of fulfillment and disappointment. The period saw psychoanalysis rise from a local phenomenon, involving only the Psychological Wednesday Society in Vienna, to that of an international movement.



Freud—"bitter and betrayed."

In 1909 Freud made his first and last trip to the United States (of which he had a low opinion, once remarking that tobacco was the only excuse for "Columbus's mistake"), and Dr. Jones founded the American Psychoanalytic Association two years later. During this period Freud wrote some seventy-five papers and books including the "Introductory Lectures," "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life," and "Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality"—which, among other things, introduced the notion that children under four have an erotic life with oral and anal-sadistic phases.

The story of these essays is told in the book. They aroused more intense opposition to psychoanalysis than any other single publication by Freud, which is saying a good deal. Freud's theories were called "a matter for the police," "pornography," "a vampirism of pale underground blood-suckers," and much worse. A New York neurologist called for moves to crush out "Christian Science, Freudism, and all that bosh, rot, and nonsense."

Freud ignored the attacks. His only answer was to turn out more publications. But dissensions within his own ranks were something else again, and these he did answer when sufficiently aroused. An analyst who believed he had gone farther than Freud along certain lines once remarked that a dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther than the giant. Freud's comment according to Dr. Jones: "That may be true, but a louse on the head of an astronomer does not."

Dr. Jones devotes appropriate space to these famous cases where dissensions grew into painful separations. Two of the earliest members of Freud's group, Alfred Adler and Wilhelm Stekel, fell away in 1911 and 1912 respectively. But Freud was most affected by the end of relations with C. G. Jung, whom he had regarded with special affection as the "Crown Prince" of psychoanalysis and as his eventual successor. Although the break developed from Jung's desire to play down sexuality there were other elements as well. Perhaps it had something to do with a point which Dr. Jones makes forcefully: "His (Jung's) mentality had the serious flaw of lacking lucidity." It is interesting to note in the book that Freud fainted twice in his life, both times after winning arguments with Jung.

The separations hurt the founder of psychoanalysis intensely. He felt bitter and betrayed, and the last paragraphs of this volume of his biography subtly relate such feelings to the first visit to Rome, to all that Rome symbolized for Freud. Dr. Jones precedes this analysis with the following statement: "I now propose to make the daring attempt of approaching as near as I can to the secret of Freud's genius. A bold endeavor; one can but fail." All of which proves that as a biographer Dr Jones writes with humility and insight.

Courtroom Psychiatry

"The Guilty Mind: Psychiatry and the Law of Homicide," by John Biggs, Jr. *(Harcourt, Brace. 236 pp. $4.50), is a collection of the lectures in which a jurist examines the legal and the psychiatric attitudes toward criminal guilt and comes to some conclusions. Our reviewer, Professor Negley K. Teeters, is chairman of the sociology department at Temple University.*

By Negley K. Teeters

ONE of the biggest dilemmas that has bedeviled criminal courts for years is this: Under what behavioral conditions is the individual responsible or not responsible for his acts. Modern criminal law is shackled by the classical theory of responsibility, in which the free will of the accused is assumed, and only grudgingly has it yielded to a blanket term of "insanity" as a mitigating circumstance.

Today there is available a great deal

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The Saturday Review

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Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON

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Revolution in Cardboards

A HAPPY revolution is taking place in the world of books. The revolution is visible on some of the nation's largest newsstands, particularly at the plane and train terminals.

Not so long ago the racks were bulging with glossy, flossy paperbacks, the cover illustrations of which seemed to be a frank bid for the cash of sadists, masochists, and sex-starved thrill-chasers. Not infrequently the content was a great deal milder than the curling whips, sprawling undressed figures, and printer's-ink aphrodisiacs seemed to indicate. But there was no mistaking the publisher's idea as to the nature of his prime market. Even otherwise reputable paperback publishers seemed to feel that they had to compete on the strip-tease level or die.

As the volume increased, so did the concern of parents, teachers, and community leaders. The pressures against the paperbacks took shape and force. Many newsstand dealers, already deluged by a fearsome oversupply of paperbacks from overoptimistic publishers, didn't need too much prodding to get out from under. Large bundles were returned unopened and unpaid-for to their sources. The same publishing executives who thought they knew what the public wanted now had to face large deficits or dismissals or both.

Meanwhile a new development was taking place in paperback publishing. For a long time Mentor Books of the New American Library virtually had the entire field to itself in inexpensive editions of fine books. But now some of the nation's leading publishers were coming into the market. Alfred A. Knopf, for example, was bringing out his Vintage Series—books of superior literary merit in cardboard covers, attractively printed on good stock with cover artwork that had as its main purpose the display of a title and author's name. They were quite obviously books which had never enjoyed a runaway success in the trade editions but which equally obviously had paid their own way and enabled the publisher to feel he had justified his franchise in the marketplace of the national culture. In their new form the books would not have to sell 100,000 copies or more under the economics of paperback publishing. The higher Vintage prices—running up to one dollar—would bring a reasonable return with only a fraction of the sales requirements of the glossies.

In addition to Knopf, New American Library, and others, Beacon, Doubleday, Harcourt-Brace, Modern Library, Simon and Schuster, and Viking have gone into the cardboard cover serious-book field with what so far appears to be good results. The bookstores account for a considerable portion of the sales. But the large newsstands are demolishing the old notion that quality buyers are not attracted to the high-volume counters. At the Detroit airport the other day, for example, I observed a brisk business at the long section set aside for the cardboards. People were examining—and buying—books by authors such as James B. Conant, Jacques Barzun, André Gide, Otto Jespersen, Norbert Wiener, Søren Kierkegaard, Franz Kafka, Edmund Wilson, Thomas Mann, Arthur Koestler, and David Riesman. There were books on philosophy, art, political science, history, biography, psychiatry, and physics.

The astonishing thing, according to the newsstand clerks, is that some buyers will pass up a glossy edition of a book at a quarter in order to purchase the same title in a more dignified edition at ninety-five cents.

THE significance of the cardboards goes far beyond their relationship to the shiny but struggling paperbacks. The cardboards also point up the faulty economics of hard-bound new books. The price for a regular new book today is likely to be $3.50 or more. Thus, new books of untested merit cost three or four times more than attractively printed books which have already run the gauntlet of critical appraisal and public sampling. True, the cardboards lack the durability of the new books, but they are perfectly serviceable, take up less bookshelf space, and will last as long as they are likely to be needed.

Basically, of course, the same advantage over new books is held by reprints in general. In this sense, nothing new has been added. But the cardboards furnish additional evidence that publishers may have to come up with an entirely new set of economics if they expect new books to get beyond the present bare survival level. The book-buyer right now has every inducement to stay away from new books. If a new title is any good it will probably be brought out in a handsome reprint at a fraction of the price. If a new title is headed for a prominent spot on the best-seller lists it will probably be issued by a book club which offers savings to readers of 50 per cent or more, taking into account premiums or dividends or lower prices. Thus, the bookstore becomes in effect the means of dramatizing to the public how foolish it is to buy books in bookstores.

Meanwhile the publishers, clearly apprehensive over the mortality of the bookstores, have been casting around for new outlets. The supermarkets and chain stores may be able to move large quantities at marked-down prices, but this doesn't change the fact that the main point of contact with the consumer is still the bookstore. We find it difficult to believe the same ingenuity and energy that are going into the development of new methods of distribution would not be equally productive if they went into a massive effort to save the outlets that now exist.

Of even greater concern, of course, is the new book itself. Few things affecting the nation's culture today are more important than this. The book publishers, individually or through their various councils, owe it to the cause of the book to come up with better answers than have so far been apparent. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE VERB AND THE NOUN

IN JOHN STEINBECK'S ARTICLE "Random Thoughts on Random Dogs" [*SR* Oct. 8] the word caesarean was used with a capital C. This intimates that either the author or the printer felt this to be a proper noun, which it is not. Caesar is reputed to have been delivered by an abdominal incision following the death of his mother. The oldest record of such a successful procedure is 500 B.C. It is found reappearing frequently in different forms, but the first written use of the term "caesarian section" was by Crooke in 1615. In actual fact the term does not relate to Julius Caesar but rather to the latin *caesus,* which in turn derives from the verb *caedere,* to cut.

PETER C. PULRANG, M.D.

Plattsburg, N. Y.

THE DEFENDANT'S OPTION

IN "THE PRESS VS. THE COURTS" [*SR* Oct. 8] John M. Harrison ignores the remedy offered in Ohio and, presumably, in many other states for any bias engendered by newspapers. I refer to the defendant's option to be tried by a panel of three judges instead of a jury. Presuming the desirability of having the case heard strictly on its legal merits, many have wondered why defense counsel for Sam Sheppard did not avail itself of this choice.

JOHN ECKELS.

Bay Village, Ohio

REPORT ON THE MAIDENS

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Interim Report on the Maidens" [*SR* Oct. 15] is interesting and accurate, although perhaps too generous toward Quakers. It should be mentioned that in some of the twelve communities to which the Maidens were assigned members of various churches are taking their turns as hosts and hostesses, and in one community the chairmanship of the local committee on arrangements is a triumvirate which includes a Baptist and a Methodist clergyman.

ARNOLD B. VAUGHT.
Executive Director,
New York Friends Center.

New York, N. Y.

SR AN AUTHORITY?

IN the note under "Elizabeth I and Her Cold War" [*SR* Oct. 1] you say, in part, "the more famous and learned *an historian* is." Appearing in such a magazine as *The Saturday Review* the use of "an" before "historian" has a certain stamp of authority, but I am wondering why all of a sudden people are using this form.

Obviously "historian" does not start with the "h" silent when an "an" would naturally be used. The "h" is sounded in "historian" and, of course, the proper article before it should be "a." When this is presented to many speakers or writers maybe they say, "Ah, but it is accented on the second syllable; so then you use the article 'an'." Therefore, I am asking you whether according to your style you use "an hotel," "an hysterical woman," "an heroic man," or "an hermetically sealed box." I doubt very much if you do.

It is ridiculous that "an historian" can be the one and only use of "an" before a sounded "h." A number of writers have commented on this strange occurence even to the extent of saying that it is a survival of the Cockney where the "h" is dropped anyway. Such a writer also points out that even the Oxford English Dictionary fails to give it sanction, listing "a historian" and stating flatly, "use 'an' before silent 'h' only." Since there seems to be no real authority for using "an" before "historian" why not as a leading magazine in the literary field in America forget this silly affectation and say "a historian" the way almost everyone else does?

LAWRENCE MCKINNEY.

Albany, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But I hate kings! I went to the palace to bore from within."

NO WITCHES BURNED

SR SLIPPED IN A POEM about two months ago in which the white ashes of the New England witches were tossing around in the air, or some similar pretty conceit. Since poets are permitted a certain amount of inaccuracy, I let that one pass. But John Lear should know better than to write (in his article "School for Satellites," *SR* Sept. 17) ". . . New England burned her non-conformists as witches." New England did *not* burn any of her so-called witches. They were hanged, except for one brave man who chose to be pressed to death under stones because in that way he was able to save his estate for his family. Surprisingly few Americans seem to know this bit of historical fact.

FLORENCE RYERSON CLEMENTS.

Hampton Falls, N. H.

SUPPORT FOR THE COLLEGES

JERRY TALLMER'S excellent article on "The Colleges Face a Rising Tide" [*SR* Sept. 10] refers to the Hoover Commission recommendation that the College Housing Loan Program be abolished and earlier refers to the "great shrug" given by "officials of the Federal Government" to the whole problem of rising college enrollments. To make the record clear, it should be noted that (1) the Hoover Commission recommendation was vigorously opposed by the Housing and Home Finance Agency and there is no indication that the Administration will support legislation to carry it out; and (2) the Congress reacted to the Commission recommendation by legislation adding $200,000,000 to the revolving loan fund authorization for the College Housing Loan Program, liberalizing its provisions and reducing the interest rate.

RUSSELL I. THACKREY.

Executive Secretary, Association of Land-Grant Colleges and Universities.

Washington, D.C.

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WHY RAILROADS SUPPORT AN UP-TO-DATE TRANSPORTATION POLICY

Consider the extraordinary situation that the railroads of this country face today.

Here is a fundamental industry, performing a service essential in peace and irreplaceable in war; which directly employs over one million people; which provides, maintains and improves, at its own expense, the roadways and other extensive facilities which it uses – and which pays taxes on those roadways and facilities. Here is an industry operating with constantly increasing efficiency; which is conservatively financed, with a steadily decreasing total of fixed charges.

Yet here is an industry which earns a return on investment of only about 3½ per cent – among the very lowest of all industries; an industry so restricted by the application of laws governing transportation that frequently it is not permitted to price its services on a competitive basis.

How can such a situation have arisen in a nation devot the classic concepts of free enterprise and equal opportu

An important part of the answer is clearly indic by the recent report of the Presidential Committe Transport Policy and Organization created last yea President Eisenhower. This Committee consisted o members of the President's Cabinet and two other government officials. It was charged with responsil for making "a comprehensive review of over-all fe transportation policies and problems."

The report of the Committee, released by the W House in April, opens with this sentence:

> "Within the short span of one generation, this co has witnessed a transportation revolution.
>
> "During this same period," the report continues, ' ernment has failed to keep pace with this change regulation has continued to be based on the his assumption that transportation is monopolistic de the . . . growth of pervasive competition. The dis

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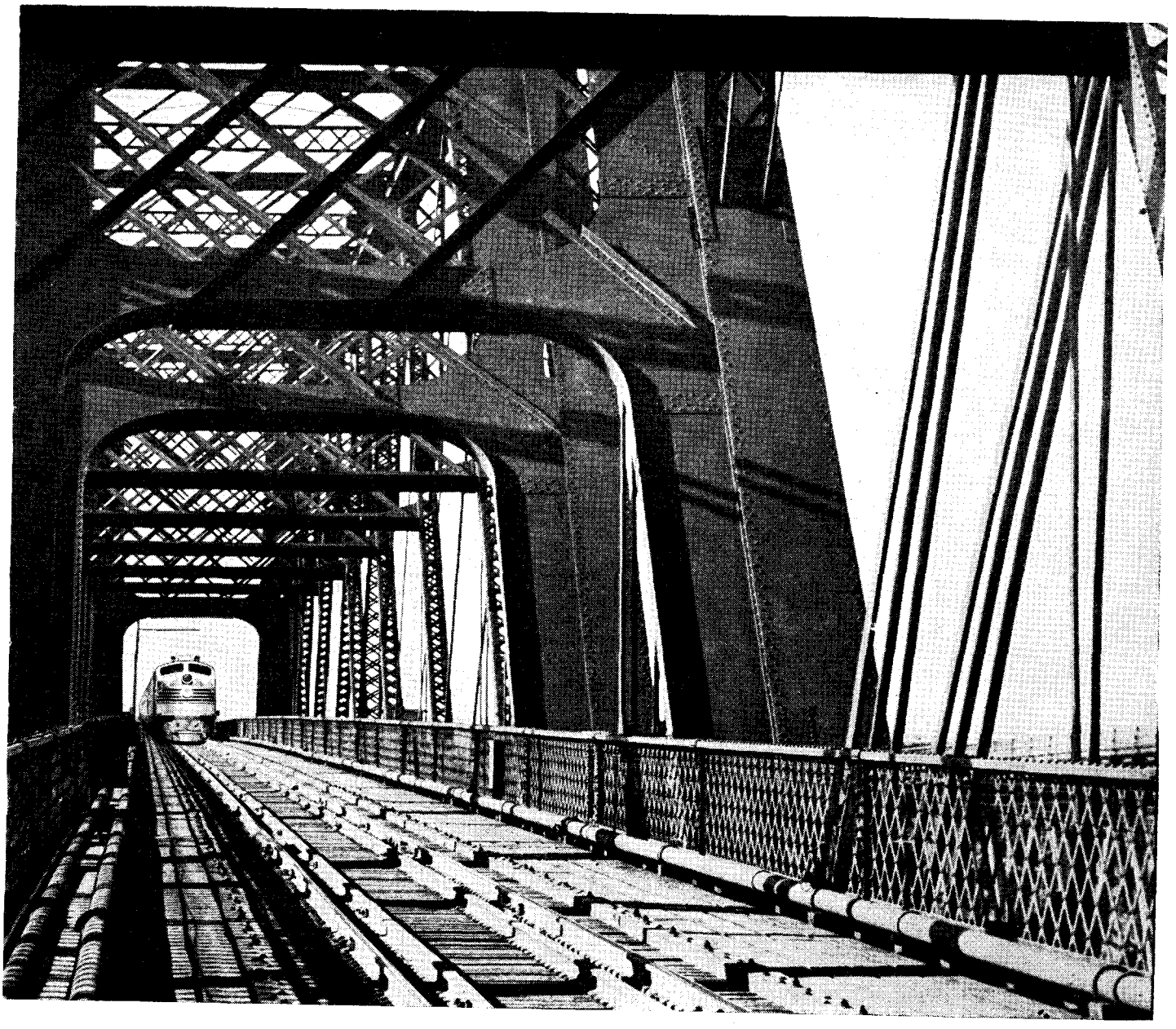

tions which have emerged from this intensified competition, on the one hand, and the restraining effects of public regulation on the other, have borne heavily on the common-carrier segment of the transportation industry . . .

"In many respects, government policy at present prevents, or severely limits, the realization of the most economical use of our transportation plant."

To the end that all forms of transportation should be developed to their greatest economic usefulness, the Cabinet Committee recommended, among other things, that:

"Common carriers . . . be permitted greater freedom, short of discriminatory practices, to utilize their economic capabilities in the competitive pricing of their service . . ."

☆

Legislation to give effect to Committee recommendations has been introduced in Congress.

Passage of this legislation would not give railroads any rights that other forms of transportation do not already have or would not receive. The legislation recognizes that each of the competing forms of transportation has advantages in handling different kinds of shipments, moving between different points and over different distances. It proposes that each type of carrier be given the freest opportunity to do the job it can do best, at the lowest reasonable cost.

That's the way toward the best and most economical service, to the benefit of businessmen and taxpayers — and of the consuming public which, in the end, pays all transportation costs.

☆

For full information on this vital subject write for the booklet, "WHY NOT LET COMPETITION WORK?"

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

General's Nuisance

THAT canny producer Maurice Evans has come up with a successor to his two-year-old hit "Teahouse of the August Moon." **"No Time for Sergeants"** has a great deal in common with the other Evans tenstrike. Both are joking comedies derived from novels of the same name. Both make fun of the American military. Both are unusually episodic in nature, requiring a narrator and many ingenious settings to weld them into plays. The principal difference between them is that, whereas the former comedy dealt with the American Army of Occupation's hilariously unsuccessful attempts to indoctrinate an entire Okinawan community, "No Time for Sergeants" deals with our peacetime Army's hilariously unsuccessful attempts to indoctrinate a single Georgia backwoodsman.

This new play makes the reasons behind the Army's vulnerability explicit. It postulates that armies (and perhaps big businesses and governments) are organizations whose smooth operation depends upon the discouragement of individual expression—proper or improper. The career soldier Sergeant King explains in the play that the Army is like a bunch of canoes on a smooth lake. If anyone paddles too hard, or concerns himself with someone else's craft, "it creates waves" that constitute an unpleasant disturbance to those who have accepted the Army as a *peaceful* way of life. How can the individualistic paddler upset the *status quo*? Direct rebellion? Passive resistance? Thirty-four-year-old novelist Mac Hyman has in his book pinpointed a third and more special kind of rebel. He has created the character Will Stockdale, a good-natured boy whose only weapons are ingenuousness, a friendly desire to do what should make everyone else happy (if we lived in a dignified world), and a Paul Bunyan-like strength.

In the novel Mr. Hyman was able to spend a good deal of time on showing the patient but touchy code by which backwoods people live. But Ira Levin in his adaptation has had to dispense with this almost entirely in order to get at the more external action that commences when Will confronts the machinery of the Army. Mr. Levin treats us to the highlights of the book, skilfully condensing the expository material. We see Will temporarily refraining from hitting a bully who has had ROTC, because Will thinks ROTC is a disease. We see him hoist Sergeant King by his own instructions, as he surprises officers inspecting the latrine with the funniest and most unusual form of greeting ever presented on a Broadway stage. There is the satiric interview with an Army psychiatrist, in which Will's want of neurosis forces the officer to reveal his own. And in the second act Mr. Levin and director Morton Da Costa have fashioned incidents aboard an Air Force bomber into an excruciating satire of what can happen to officers in an automatized army. Finally, there is the delightful moment when Will confounds two stuffy generals who find their careers (and pensions) endangered by a mistake they dare not admit. This last situation draws from Mr. Levin his only error of any importance. He allows Will *consciously* to blackmail the generals. In the book Will remained blithely ignorant of the power he held over them, thus preserving the innocence basic to the character.

In this respect the part of Will is most fortunate in actor Andy Griffith. Innocence is a difficult quality for any actor to act, and so is subnormal intellect. Mr. Griffith, however, achieves both and preserves our respect for Will's integrity, as well as our laughter for his backwardness in "civilized" ways. While Will may be all the author imagined him when he wrote the book, Myron McCormick's Sergeant King can be said to be an improvement on his literary counterpart. Here is the finest and truest portrait of the contemporary professional non-com ever to be drawn onstage. Avoiding the cliches, it penetrates deep into the character of the individual who is willing to sleep through a life of calculated conformity. The preeminently keen Roddy McDowall is not cast to type as the self-assertive, gullible Ben. Yet he succeeds in finding performance values even when the characterization flickers. Also memorable in the cast are Howard Freeman as a put-upon general; Robert Webber, who resembles Mike Todd and plays a boy who talks tougher than he turns out to be; James Milhollin, a prune-faced psychiatrist; and Bill Hinnant as a sawed-off, overly-earnest navigator.

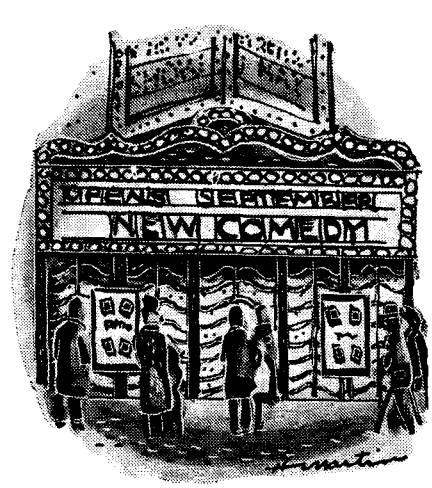
But just as impressive as the acting is the way in which Peter Larkin has mounted the play. Undaunted by the problem of many episodes shifting quickly through a wide range of unorthodox backgrounds, Mr. Larkin has not only found practical solutions but has tied the production together with his own personal style as an artist. His most spectacular piece of scenery is that of the undercarriage of a parked airplane, where with strict economy he has arrived at a selection of wheels and protruding cowlings that recreate the impression one has when boarding a plane. Thanks to him and the others "No Time for Sergeants" is the most robustly funny play in at least two seasons.

* * *

At the end of "A Roomful of Roses" one character remarks "Oh, dear, I've just got to hit somebody!" and I'm afraid every tough-minded member of the audience will feel the same about Edith Sommer's new domestic comedy. Actually the play is the highest class soap-opera Broadway has seen in a long time. It concerns the serious and important problem of what happens to a child whose parents have been divorced, but keeps its characters so constantly in the throes of artificial crisis, sentimentality, and conventional homilies that we resent the play even while we find our emotions responding to it.

Compounding our dilemma is Patricia Neal's wonderfully true performance as the mother faced with regaining the love of her daughter and Betty Lou Keim's unaffected portrayal of the lonely young lady who quite understandably objects to the nickname "Bridey" the playwright has saddled her with. Audiences will probably love "A Roomful of Roses" and even come away with an increased understanding of the problems created by divorce. Yet this psychological pastoral is almost totally lacking in the original thinking or distinction of writing it needs to lift it out of the suds.

—HENRY HEWES.



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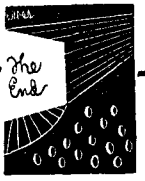

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

What Hath Todd Wrought?

IN THE two years or so since the introduction of Cinerama and CinemaScope the sponsors of hese wide-screen systems have been ooking nervously over their shoul-lers in the direction of a little man vith a pronounced gift for doing the nexpected in a big way. Mike Todd, hey knew, had commissioned the American Optical Company to in-ent for him a wide-screen process hat would look like Cinerama but ould be shown with a single pro-ector. They also knew that he had otten what he wanted, for Todd as never been a man to shun the ublic prints. With characteristic re-traint he dubbed the new process odd-AO; and with characteristic nergy he managed to persuade Rich-rd Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein o let their own personal mint, **"Okla-oma!"** become the first Todd-AO roduction. Then Fred Zinnemann, Academy Award-winning director of High Noon" and "From Here to Eternity," was signed on as director, Agnes de Mille to re-stage her dances rom the show, and Oliver Smith to esign whatever settings nature didn't rovide.

The result of this pyramiding of alents, as unveiled in New York a ew weeks ago, should make the roprietors of Cinerama and Cinema-Scope a lot less nervous. While odd-AO has eliminated the join ines that continue to plague the Cin-rama people, it has also eliminated good deal of Cinerama's "puts you n the picture" sensation. And while ts image is certainly cleaner and righter than CinemaScope's, its agged screen shape, somewhat dif-erent in every part of the house, irtually defies a well-composed pic-ure as well as creating serious dis-ortions everywhere except in the enter seats. On the other hand, the odd-AO Orthosonic sound—a six hannel system—is satisfyingly hi-fi, irectional, and binaural, achieving a otable separation of orchestra and oices by pitching the orchestra in ront of the screen. It has an abun-ance of what hi-fi enthusiasts refer o as "presence." In fact, it has such n abundance of "presence" that it hreatens to blast away part of the ack wall before the evening is over.

In short, Todd-AO seems to rep-esent a sort of triumph of the ma-hine. It proves that a wide, 65mm ilm can throw a big, wide picture, that six sound tracks are louder than one. It may even prove that the general public can again be per-suaded to buy a gadget, a novelty, if the selling is hard enough and the window dressing sufficiently gaudy. Todd-AO, with "Around the World in Eighty Days" currently in pro-duction, may well be with us for some time to come. It is hard to think of it, however, as ever being much more than a novelty.

Unfortunately, caught up in all this machinery is "Oklahoma!" a simple and charming musical that has in the past dozen years sung its way into the hearts of millions of people all over the world. Its melodies still have their accustomed lilt, the Ham-merstein lyrics are still remarkably agile in the comedy numbers, re-markably sweet in the ballads. The Lynn Riggs story is still sturdy enough to support the action. And the cast for this film version—Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Gene Nelson, Rod Steiger, Charlotte Greenwood, and Gloria Grahame—is at least as good, and in some instances better, than any that worked on the stage. But when "Oklahoma!" was first pre-sented on Broadway it was univer-sally hailed for its freshness, its orig-inality, its freedom from the con-ventions of the ordinary musical. Surprisingly enough, it is these very qualities that are so sorely lacking in the current production. This "Okla-homa!" insists on the obvious. The big screen can take in miles and miles of Oklahoma? All right, let's show them miles and miles of Okla-homa (or at least Arizona, where the exteriors were filmed). The song says the corn is as high as an elephant's eye? All right, we'll just hold up production until the corn gets there (as a program note proudly explains). Imagination, fantasy, the freedom that has already become a familiar in-gredient of most movie musicals has been rigorously excluded from this one. As a result, what was once an electric innovation in the theatre now emerges as a lumbering and some-what tedious throwback in the films.

It almost appears as if Rodgers and Hammerstein, jealous of the success of "Oklahoma!" in the theatre, would permit only a minimum of tampering in the screen adaptation. In any case, the theatre form—and the theatre "feel"—remains even when we are looking at real corn, real surreys,

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and real farmhouses. They remain largely because of a mixture of styles, the realism of the backgrounds and of Zinnemann's staging coming into constant conflict with the necessarily artificial songs and dances. Such films as "On the Town" and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" have already suggested ways of blending natural settings with the stylization needed for musical comedy. But Zinnemann, working with realistic techniques to match his realistic backgrounds, has succeeded only in underlining the basic artificiality of his material. Significantly, in those few sequences that break completely with the stage original—Will Parker's song and dance about the wonders of Kansas City, the runaway buggy that opens the second act of this production—he is able to bring "Oklahoma!" momentarily alive. Still, one wonders what Rouben Mamoulian, who directed the theatre incarnation of "Oklahoma!" would have done with it on the screen. His musicals of the early Thirties, films like "The Gay Desperado" and "Love Me Tonight," seem in retrospect to have had the very qualities that this one lacks—freshness, imagination, and a willingness to experiment with the film form.

* * *

Hollywood continues to explore the mores of the cool generation in **"Rebel Without a Cause"** (Warner Brothers), a study of modern youth that is frightening in its unfamiliarity. Here the high-school kids—one could scarcely call them students—are in another income bracket than the teen-age hoodlums of "Blackboard Jungle," but they share the same callous disregard for property, propriety, and even life itself. Unlike "Jungle," though, this film tries to probe a bit beneath the surface, into the broken homes, the unsympathetic parents, the hearts filled with hate, the parents too weak to provide their children with standards of conduct to steer them through their hopped-up world.

Under the direction of Nicholas Ray, who also wrote the story, the late James Dean reveals completely the talent latent in his "East of Eden" performance. As a new and unwilling member of the gang, a boy who recognizes more clearly than any of the others his need for help, he projects the wildness, the torment, and the crude tenderness of a rootless generation. Gone are the Brando mannerisms, gone the too-obvious Kazan touch. He stands as a remarkable talent; and he was cut down personally, it would seem, by the very passions he exposes so tellingly in this strange and forceful picture.

—Arthur Knight.

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TV AND RADIO

Personal

SIMON and Schuster have sent me a copy of a book which they have just published and have asked me to read it and call it to the attention of readers of this column.

It's called **"The Book of Little Knowledge."** It's about television. It's a collection of columns about television which have appeared in *The Saturday Review*. I'm the author.

Well, I've read the book and have found most of the stuff vaguely familiar and I can only tell readers of this column that regular subscribers of *The Saturday Review* may doubtless have the same reaction. Those who are not regular subscribers of *The Saturday Review* and who have not visited their dentists lately, having thus missed some issues of this magazine, will doubtless come across some things with which they are not familiar. (I may add that I came across a couple of unfamiliar bits of punctuation and one misspelled proper name.)

This being my first book I find myself unprepared for the thinly veiled request by Simon and Schuster that I review my own book. I always thought that books were reviewed by a cult of regular book-reviewers named Cleveland Amory. However, I am prepared to review some of the advertisements which Simon and Schuster have dreamed up for newspapers and magazines to proclaim the book.

In type larger than the title of the book or the name of the author is the catch-phrase "The book that bites the hand that feeds it." This, of course, is gross exaggeration. If I have been fed by television it has been intravenously. Being an old radio man myself I lost my stomach somewhere in the transition from radio to television, having only in the past three years become entangled with this new Milton-Come-Lately medium.

It was a breeze back in the days of one-dimensional radio. A man could look up from his script and gaze across the microphone of a deserted broadcast studio at his wife standing there in a pair of slacks and whisper above the din of a crowd record: "Jane, in your new gown you're the prettiest girl at the party." Conjure up the production, the scenery, the cameras, the extras, and the costumes it takes to speak that small line on television and you can readily see why I not only never bite the hand that feeds me but stand respectfully in constant awe and amazement how so much is constantly getting done to produce so little.

After some eighteen active years in the medium once known as radio—now better known as "Monitor"—I have been practically a contributing spectator in television trying to get across the idea to sundry performers that the written word is mightier than the double take. I realize that perhaps I am not as objective about this idea as I might be and that television is a combination of words and pictures, but more often the emphasis is unduly on the latter.

This is only one department of the book. I could go on with others but I don't want to give away the whole plot. For the benefit of Simon and/or Schuster I might add that the price of the book is only $2.95, and if you've decided to wait for the movie they're going to make out of it, don't.

In closing, if I may add a personal line, I want to thank two perceptive colleagues for three early reviews of the book—John Crosby of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Harriet Van Horne of the *New York World-Telegram*, and Jay Nelson Tuck of the *New York Post*.

Also a word of thanks and appreciation to my wife and partner in radio, who was the inspiration for the title of the book. —GOODMAN ACE.

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 645 will be found in the next issue.

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—RALPH W. EMERSON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Walton's "Troilus" in N.Y. and S.F.

IN UNDERTAKING his first opera at the age of fifty-plus Sir William Walton has challenged a virtually unbroken rule that composing for the theatre is a trade that must be learned young, before it can become a craft—or eventually an art. To be sure, this rule is no more inviolable than any other, but the first New York production of Walton's "Troilus and Cressida" at the City Center did not suggest that his gifts are sizable enough to make the project an occasion for enthusiasm as well as interest.

Listening to Walton's "Troilus and Cressida" against the background of such worthy works by him as "Facade," "Belshazzar's Feast," the powerful symphony, the violin and viola concerti, one hears a good deal of the same professional competence in the writing, but no such comparable invention, pith of idea, or power of communication. Walton has listened, well and critically, to the same operatic failures of the last three decades that we all have, and scaled down the Straussian orchestra, given the singers a reasonable kind of line, and put himself firmly on the side of poetry rather than sensationalism. But with all the straight thinking and sound esthetic intent he has not provided the strong dramatic impulse or the kind of musical characterization to save his work from being stigmatized as sincere but colorless.

He can, like any competent composer, write a "love theme" when it is needed, but the minute skill to make one section add to another and become a scene, the scenes expand into an act, and the acts become a culmulative whole are not within his professional powers.

Christopher Hassall's much admired treatment of the legend involving the Trojan lovers Troilus and Cressida has its beginnings in Chaucer, but the culmination as well as the verbalization are wholly his own. Here Troilus is first rejected then accepted by Cressida, through the intervention of the conniving Pandarus. But Cressida's priestly father (Calkas), who has gone over to the Greeks, arranges that she be sent as hostage to the enemy. Hassall's projection is that Cressida then doubts Troilus's fidelity and accepts a Greek as husband. Too late they learn they have been betrayed, with death the only solution.

Unlike conventional drama, opera can subsist without action if a vital current of music fills the theatre. There is a glimmer of warm feeling in the duet of the lovers in Act II, but it is the kind of academic "love music" noted previously rather than anything urgently related to the people and the place. At best it is short-breathed, like a song for recital, rather than the long-lined, compelling sort wanted.

As a production the City Center's was musically earnest, visually undistinguished. The dramatic action was hardly imaginative enough to merit association with Margaret Webster's name, the scenery of John Boyt splashy and, at the best, serviceable. None of the performers—save, perhaps Yi-Kwei Sze as Calkas and Norman Kelley as Pandarus—really measured up to Walton's requirements in sound and dramatic projection. Jon Crain sang lustily as Troilus, but was hardly a believable warrior in physique. As Cressida, Phyllis Curtin was good-looking, well-mannered, and vocally precise, but there is little in this voice below the bright-sounding top. Gloria Lane as a servant and Lawrence Winters as the Greek warrior Diomede were out of their element.

Is it suitable to say, nevertheless, that City Center did an admirable and applaudable thing in giving "Troilus and Cressida"? Any other attitude would be churlish, especially in view of the general attitude that Walton has written what is generally described as a "real English opera." Too bad there is one word too many in that intended tribute.

—Irving Kolodin.

* * *

San Francisco.

THE AMERICAN premiere of "Troilus and Cressida" by the San Francisco Opera Company earlier in October found the composer on hand as part of a distinguished audience in the city's War Memorial Opera House, where Erich Leinsdorf conducted a cast with Dorothy Kirsten as Cressida and Richard Lewis, who had created the role in Covent Garden, as Troilus. Stage direction was by Paul Hagar, who aptly deployed his mannerly forces amid a classic Aegean decor by the company's new stage designer, Leo Kerz. The chorus, after invoking the patronage of Pallas Athena at the curtain's rise, discreetly retired until its services were needed for the climaxing scene; the interim business, adeptly carried on by the principals, had the uncluttered aspect of chamber opera and an unabashedly conservative character throughout.

Sir William, in fact, appears to have been at some pains to preserve as many operatic conventions as might be comfortably contained within three acts. Set numbers followed one another with the tidy spacing of planned parenthood, beginning with the tenor's conventional transports over his offstage beloved, and progressing by every canon of lyric dramaturgy to the traditional denouement in which all of the protagonists upbraid one another at full voice.

The music, however, reflects the technical assurance of a skilful orchestrator, and while it is harmonically unadventurous it is alert and colloquial and sometimes contrapuntally ingenious. As in his violin concerto, Walton has chosen to keep the rhythmic impulse in the orchestra, leaving it up to the vocal writing (in this case) to establish the emotional tone. This, unfortunately, it did not always succeed in doing, partly because of what appeared to be its own lack of lyric power, and partly because of an orchestration whose glib locutions seemed better geared to humor than to tragedy.

With all this, there is a nicely-calculated apposition of tension and humor, and a concern for the tale's dramatic progress. Mr. Hassall's resolutely functional text, clearly enunciated by the singers, left no doubt where matters stood at any given moment, although the emotional value of certain banal lines was not enhanced by their reiteration.

Lewis, brought over from England for the occasion, sang stoutly as Troilus, and Miss Kirsten, delectable in a turquoise gown slashed with crimson, groped through some vocal unevenness to peaks of brilliance. The figure of Pandarus, compelled by Walton's sharp sense of parody to sing everything in exaggerated *melisma*, presented Ernest McChesney in an effective debut. Robert Weede as Diomede and Giorgio Tozzi as Calkas were vocally impressive, while Carl Palangi, Francis Bible, and Heinz Blankenburg capably filled supporting roles.

Leinsdorf conducted with the assurance and verve of a keen theatrical intuition, moving fleetly past any arid spaces to a finale that was wafted smoothly to a satisfactory emotional altitude. The audience received all this with cordiality, bringing the composer, Leinsdorf, and several principals to the footlights for repeated acknowledgments.

—Mildred Norton.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

true God. Under this disappointment Isaiah has his vision of a savior who will redeem mankind.

As a portrait of the inspired but often rejected prophet Mr. Asch's book is interesting and sometimes moving. But as a novel it leaves a good deal to be desired. The descriptive matter on Babylon is impressive but not integrated. There is a lack of drive and forward movement. Long and repeated rhetorical passages on the mission of Israel clog the narrative. In order to imagine a background for the various prophetic utterances Mr. Asch has fallen into the error so common in Biblical novels—that of producing a long-winded paraphrase too diffuse to stand comparison with the original text.

Aside from the historic conquest of Babylon no real story develops. There is no group of people whom we come to know intimately and with whose fate we identify ourselves. Only the prophet emerges as a person, and he by his very nature is removed from common men.

The English text reads like a literal translation from the Yiddish and is full of clumsy constructions and grammatical errors which an editorial hand should have smoothed out. All in all it is disappointing to report that as a novel "The Prophet" does not measure up to its predecessors. Yet, completing as it does Mr. Asch's noble design of the Messiah as the bridge from Judaism to Christianity, it commands respect.

Crisses and Crosses

MORE ON MORMON MARRIAGE: "Up home, down home, like a teetertotter" thought Linnea contentedly of Olaf's married life. One night up home here with her, the next night down home with his older wife Sigrid. Polygamy wasn't so unhandy, after all. Thus, in the early chapters of Ardyth Kennelly's **"Up Home"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4) Linnea's Mormon marriage flows along on twin streams of family affection and rich Swedish coffee. To be sure, Sigrid spotted her the one time she was so extravagant as to take eight-year-old Rudie to Roylance's Royal Elite Ice Cream Parlor. But that was forgotten in the fun of bringing the children to the dedication of the temple and the excitement of having Mrs. Lilygren's baby born "right smack dab in the middle" of the grand new edifice. Then there was the ineffable satisfaction of seeing meek Mrs. Lilygren order tyrannical old Lilygren out of the house.

But, as readers of Mrs. Kennelly's first novel, "The Peaceable Kingdom," know, Linnea's marriage had crisses and crosses as well as ups and downs. Sigrid could certainly criss-cross. Look at the ructions she raised when Olaf wheeled the gold buggy up home to console Linnea's children for Myra's loss of the baby beauty contest. But the older wife's most devilish trick was to buy a cemetery lot just large enough for her and Olaf and their two children. In death, at least, she wouldn't share her beloved husband.

Oh, don't think that plenty wasn't happening in Salt Lake City in the heady Nineties. Mrs. Lilygren married a young boarder. Haughty Mrs. Ryding went murderously mad. Mr. Parmalee's elderly recluse of a wife took over the minute his younger mate died. But Linnea's life centered in the populous, coffee-fragrant kitchen that was as big as her heart. It was there that mysterious old Mrs. Troon rocked away her last year. It was there that Linnea and the children sprang happy little surprises on one another.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

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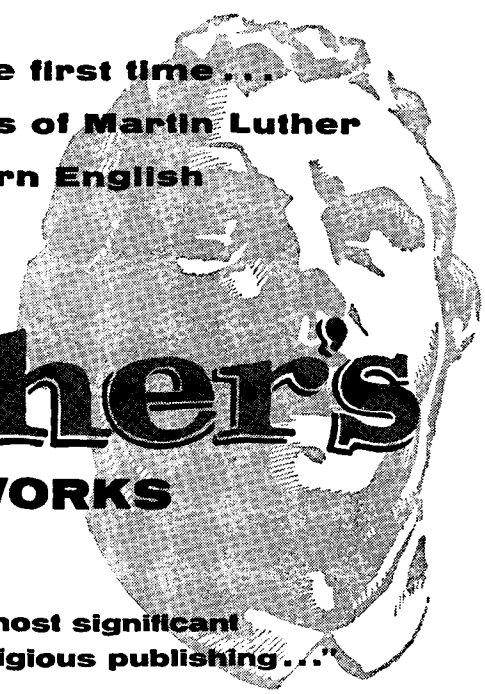

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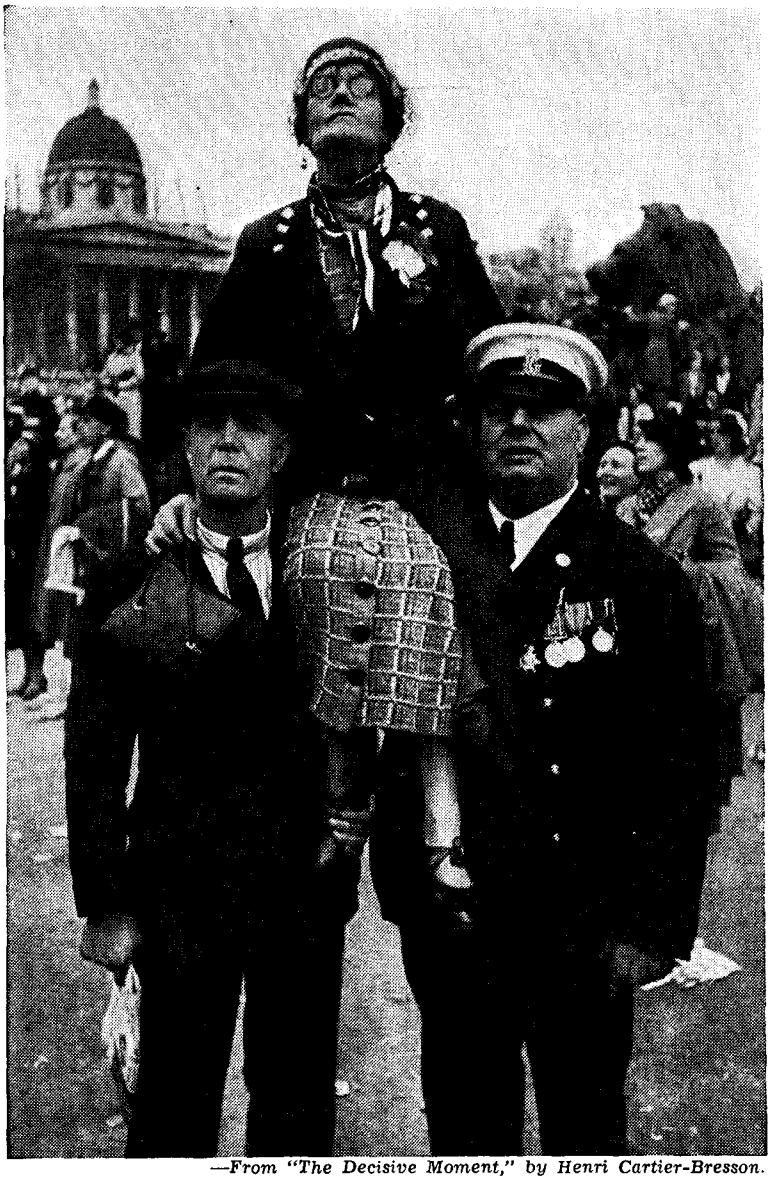
THE FINE ARTS

Two Contemporary Photographers



—*From "The Decisive Moment," by Henri Cartier-Bresson.*

"Waiting in Trafalgar Square for the Coronation Parade of King George VI."

IF ASKED to name the two most remarkable photographers now actively at work I think I would mention without hesitation the American Paul Strand and the Frenchman Henri Cartier-Bresson. As artists—and they are both emphatically that—they could scarcely be more different in temperament or kind. I suppose it would be rank exaggeration to apply the word "classicist" to the former, the word "romantic" to the latter. Yet Strand's vision proposes for the most part a serene and motionless plastic order—portraits of single figures or groups, architectural scenes and landscapes, revealed in the quiet essence of their being and monumental in definition. Cartier-Bresson, on the other hand, is trigger-quick at seizing and stopping the asymmetric motions and changeable stance of his human subjects, and often his work brings to mind Delacroix's famous dictum, "If you are not competent enough to make a sketch of a man who has thrown himself out of a window, during the time while he is falling from the fourth floor to the ground, you will never be able to produce great masterpieces."

Strand and Cartier-Bresson have this in common: they both believe in the publication of their photographs in book form, a subject to which we will return in a moment. In 1952 Strand's "La France de Profil," a picture album of France and the French with text by Claude Roy, was printed in Switzerland. Recently his superb series of photographs of the north-Italian village of Luzzaro has been issued in Italy with a fine text by Cesare Zavattini; it is entitled "Un Paese." In 1952, too, Simon and Schuster published "The Decisive Moment," a big book of Cartier-Bresson's photographs. It will be followed presently by the same publishers' two additional albums covering Cartier-Bresson's more recent work. One of these albums will be devoted to snapshots of Moscow, and very likely it will tell us more about the inner life of the Russian city than all the newspaper accounts that have appeared since the Iron Curtain began to rise.

THE technical procedures of Strand and Cartier-Bresson are absolutely opposite. Since Strand's first years as a photographer (his mature career began around 1915) he has been a meticulous craftsman, printing his large negatives on the richest available sensitized paper, striving for clarity and, above all, for subtle gradations of tone. He is a master of chiaroscuro; his blacks and highlights have an uncanny solidity of form. He works customarily with large cameras and prefers contact prints to enlargements. Arranging his subjects carefully in the glass of his view camera, or in the hood of his Graflex, Strand strives endlessly for a technical perfection in which he has today, I think, no serious rivals. The velvet quality of his images recalls that of the greatest nineteenth-century photographers. He belongs to the tradition of David Octavius Hill, Nadar, Julia Margaret Cameron, Mathew Brady, Peter Henry Emerson, and Strand's friend and colleague Alfred Stieglitz. He belongs to that tradition and within it assumes a more and more important place.

Cartier-Bresson, on the contrary, has been about as indifferent to technique as can be imagined for a professional of his skill and authority. Since he first emerged on the art scene in the early 1930s he has worked with a Leica camera and from its tiny negatives made enlargements which, though they have become more competent over the years, are still not exceptionally fine in technical terms. Lately he has often had his negatives developed and enlarged by commercial laboratories, as though he felt impatient with everything except the original act of creative seeing. But

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artier-Bresson's art is as important , Strand's. It brings to a climax the adition of snapshot photography—ıe recording of fleeting, unpredict-ɔle, and revealing moments of human ɔtion and pose. Cartier-Bresson, andering the streets of the world, ɔrests reality with almost mediumtic acuteness of perception. His ımera is virtually a third eye which links away extraneous details and ɔcuses on what the title of his 1952 ook aptly calls "the decisive moıent."

Both Strand and Cartier-Bresson re vividly interested in travelogue ıd both have made extensive series f photographs in various parts of the ɔrld. Indeed, they share a rare bility to penetrate and record the ıaracter of nations and regions with ɔhich they have become newly famil-ır. As long ago as 1919 Strand made is first landscapes with a camera in ſova Scotia. Since that date he has ɔaveled widely in search of new subɔcts—to the Southwest, Maine, the ſaspé, Mexico, and Vermont on this ɔntinent; to France and Italy in ıurope. From every one of these ɔavel experiences Strand has brought ack a memorable series of photoraphs, shifting in perceptive basis nd even in technical quality with ıe local, particular scenes at hand.

Cartier-Bresson, ɔo, has shown a fanastic ability to distil he essense of varyıg peoples and loales. The first phoɔgraphs of his that ıost of us remember ɔere of children runıing and playing in he white Spanish treets. They were aken in 1933, and I ıust confess to a eeling at the time hat Cartier-Bresson ıad found his proper ınd unique subject ıatter once and for ll. But over the past wenty-odd years he ıas made magnificent ɔhotographs of Mexɔo City, of London luring the Coronaion of King George /I, of Dessau at the ɔittersweet moment ɔf its rescue, of New ſork and other American cities, of ındia at the time of Gandhi's martyrdom ınd death, of Indoıesia, Burma, Bali, China, Egypt, and so ɔn. In each case he has achieved images which far transcend the usual photographic reporting, though many of these images were created on assignment. Seemingly Cartier-Bresson's poetic imagination, far from being stultified by specific commissions from the publishers of newspapers and magazines, is never hired out to anyone but himself.

STRAND and Cartier-Bresson have another virtue in common—staying power. The photographic medium for some reason difficult to make precise, exhausts or discourages many of its most eloquent practitioners in midcareer. When one thinks of highly talented men like Ralph Steiner and Walker Evans, whose activity as photographers stopped of their own volition precisely when they were in full stride, one admires the more Strand's and Cartier-Bresson's continuing faith in what they have to say with a camera. Perhaps in some degree they have been sustained by their belief in the dignity of ordinary people.

Neither is a satirist, neither labors the point of our planet's social inequalities. But both have profound reverence for humanity, and it would be impossible to think of either documenting the trappings and foibles of the *haut monde*, as men like Cecil Beaton and George Platt Lynes have done with estimable brilliance. Strand's recent images are of the workers of France and Italy (see illustration below). By the same token, when Cartier-Bresson attended the coronation of King George VI in 1938 he left to others the task of commemorating the occasion's awesome pageantry and concentrated on the rapt effort of the people to see their King (see illustration on the facing page).

It seems to me as a final point that Strand and Cartier-Bresson have rediscovered in the bound photographic album the ideal way of displaying their work. Photographs are seldom compelling for long if framed and hung in a house—unless, of course, they are family or personal documents. As to public exhibitions of photography, if good in quality, they are always fascinating to see for the first or second time. After that they tend to pall and to make one long for the manual excitement of drawings or prints. At least that has been my own experience. But books such as those of Strand and Cartier-Bresson are treasured possessions, often brought down from the shelves and their pages turned with interest and delight. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

—From "Un Paese," with photographs by Paul Strand.

An Italian family—"Strand's recent images are of the workers of France and Italy."

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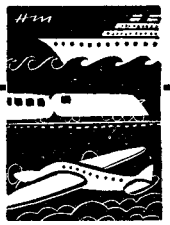


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Is This not a Schnitzel Bank?

INNSBRUCK.

I HAVE been whiling away the wine-filled, schnitzel-laden hours in the metropolis of Innsbruck, capital of the Tyrol and headquarters of the plumed chapeau, abbreviated leather trousers, and the jodel (local spelling).

First I should tell you, I think, that Innsbruck inhabits the Austrian Alps at the very gateway to the Brenner Pass whence came, in order of their appearance, Goethe en route to visit Italy, Hitler en route to visit Il Duce, and American bombardiers en route to visit mayhem on this supply center for the German Army in Italy. Its view up the Maria-Theresien-Strasse to the 8,000-foot-high north range is a great spectacle indeed, made even more dramatic by the immediacy of the snow-frosted mountains upon the traffic of the city.

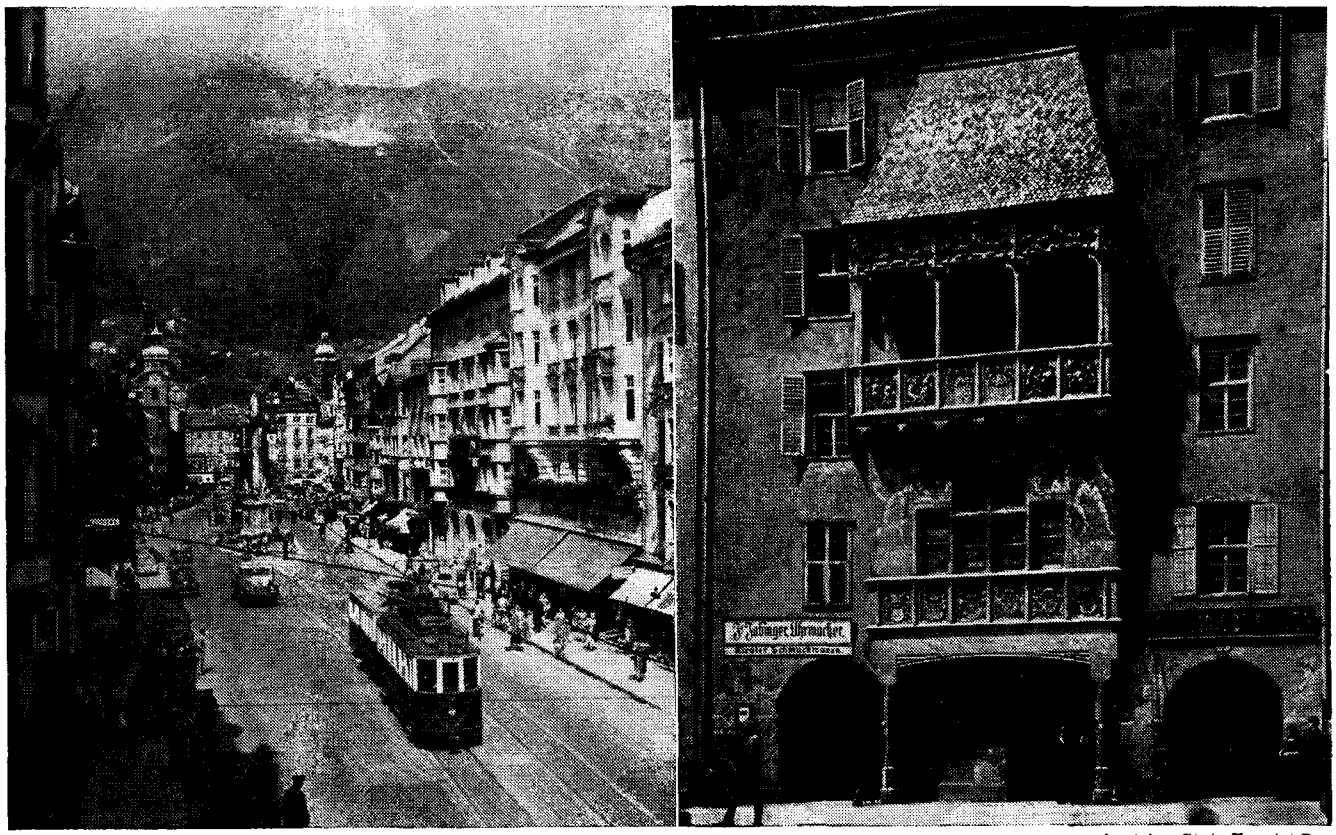
Dukes being no less common to Austria than ward-heelers to the Bronx, Innsbruck is also, I would be willing to wager, world headquarters for streets named after Austrian dukes. Since the German handle is *herzog* there is bordering the River Inn the Herzog Sigmund Ufer, which gives way to the Herzog Otto Rennweg, which gives way to the Erzherzog Ferdinand Ufer. By that time we are virtually out of city, but still there are herzogs to spare.

Doubtless the most renowned, and certainly the most attractive, of Innsbruck's *herzogstrassen* is the Herzog Friederichstrasse, known in certain Anglican circles as the Duke of Frederick St. It is, in fact, a continuation of the Maria-Theresien-Strasse, but it is a virtual baroquian lode, a center of the old quarter, its streets lined with arcaded walks that date as far back as the twelfth century, its houses hung with intricate iron filigree signs that indicate by symbol the type of business being conducted inside.

In the old quarter you will find wine *stube* where the pretzels hang on racks at the table and the wine is upended and pours headfirst when the glass touches the nozzle. There is the Weisses Kreuz, where Mozart stayed while he filled a command performance at the age of thirteen. Goldene Rose decorates its walls with pain ings, gets the ample burghers for di ner, the tourists by the day at $4 a in. At #20 Herzog Friederichstras there is an ancient iron door with hole on top where food was passe to a family quarantined inside aft an outbreak of the plague. But mo of all, in the old quarter, there the Goldene Dachl (Golden Roof

THE Golden Roof adorns a sort loggia appended to the Number castle of the royal line of Tyrole nobility. Or so it was until 1505. C the roof are 3,200 copper tiles all gol plated. A floodlight, in deference the tourists, lights up the Golde Dachl at night but, as my guide e plained, "When you stand here in t sun at midday you must close t eyes, so bright is the reflection In the old days the *herzoge* and t *herzoginnen* sat in the loggia und the golden roof while jousting match were held in the square below.

Strolling over the ancient cobbl one can stop at a local bakery for slice of *zelten*, doubtless the world fruitiest fruit cake, or pause in t grocery for a flask of *enzian*, the loc firewater made of the roots of bl gentian. Although *enzian* is said to good for the stomach you might fe more disposed to please the pala and there is scarcely a better way doing it than stopping for *ein acht*



—*Austrian State Tourist Dep*

Innsbruck—Up the Maria-Theresien-Strasse, "a great spectacle indeed"; under the Golden Roof (right), *herzoge* and *herzoginnen*.

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gumpoldskirchner, Austria's fine ıite wine.

I stayed, at the advice of an old mirer of old Austria, at an estabhment in the old quarter known in ll as Cammerlander's Historisches estaurant und Hotel zum Goldener ller. The Goldener Adler, which is say the Golden Eagle, has been ing business since 1390 and during at time, to quote a British author the name of S. P. B. Mais, has been st to 340 kings, princes, and nobles. There is no reason as far as I am ncerned to doubt Mr. Mais, who in ew of the amplitude of initials is ubtless a man for details. At any te the room clerk offered me the aiser Josef II room or the Goethe om. I chose culture over monarchy ıd found my room, #18, to be decoted with a bust of Johann Wolfgang, be equipped with a mattress of the oethe period, and to be serenaded om both exposures with the explosns of Vespas in the street below. am convinced that Goethe slept re, but probably not very well.

If Cammerlander is spartan upairs, he shines in the kitchen. Peasıt types can dabble in the *Bauınschmaus,* which is sausage, pork, piece of veal all supine on a bed of uerkraut. Schnitzels come in six deious flavors: *wiener, kaiser, natur, ıriser, adler,* and *paprika.* But the ecialty of the house, designed for ose about to climb Everest or storg up for an enforced fast of a fortght, is a dish called *Lieder ohne orte* ("Songs Without Words"). It a platter laden with wiener schnitl, pork chops, a rump steak with a ied egg on top, an Alpine range of as, French fried potatoes, string eans, broiled tomatoes, and, in the rner, a compote of fruit. Speared ı a skewer and stuck into the meat a cherry, a prune, and a pickle.

ONCE the dinner seance is over in ammerlander's Historiches Restauınt und Hotel zum Goldener Adler l Tyrolean hell breaks loose in the oethe Stube, with a zither concert ıd Tyrolean singers and *jodlers* perrming like human calliopes nightly. ımilar cavortings go on in the cellar the Maria Therese Hotel with the semblage joining in. The statue of aria Therese illuminated on a pilr on the avenue outside looks down nignly.

Whereas the Maria Therese Hotel big and bustly, the Tyrol is elegant ıd the Europa, across the street, is ually refined. Both are alongside e railroad station. The Tyrol norally closes for the winter but may open in view of the winter Olympics mes to be held this January in eighboring Cortina d'Ampezzo. The

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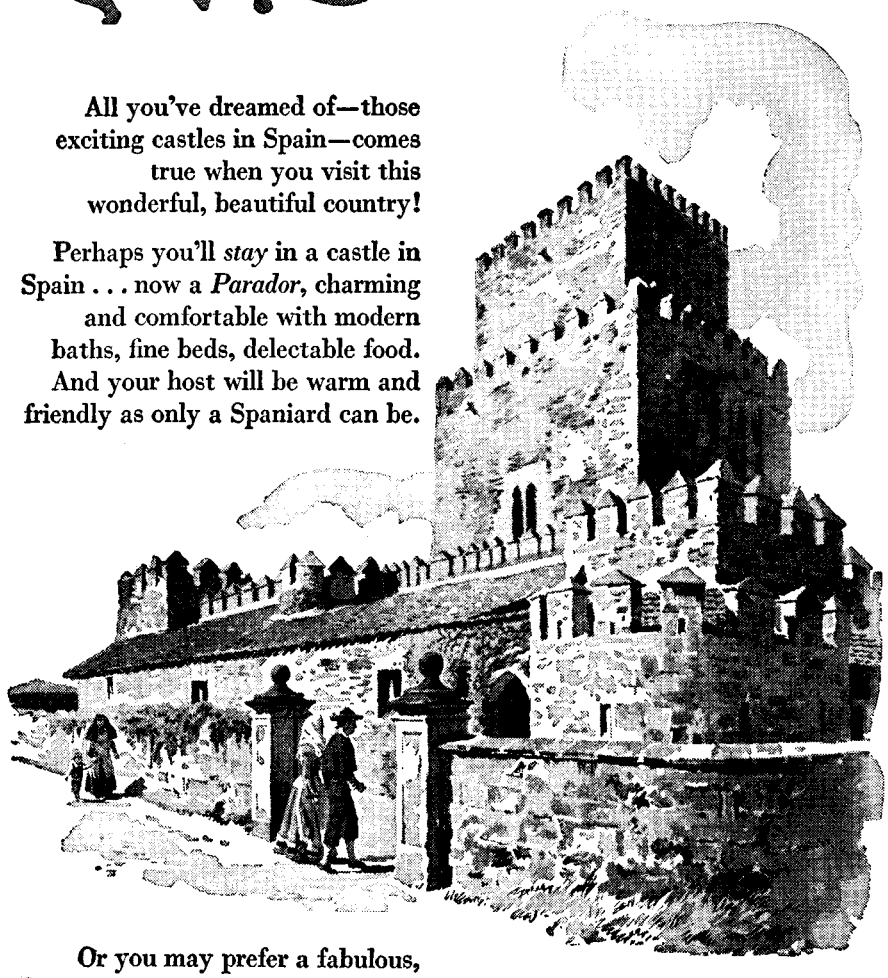

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The best shops of Innsbruck ai along the Maria-Theresien-Strasse c else tucked into the ancient arcade of old Herzog Friederichstrasse. Petit point handbags and compacts are th Austrian specialty, though they ai no specialty of mine. I saw some a low as $32 and others as high as $10(Tyrolean pipes of the kind local farm ers are wont to hide in their beard look like the thing to buy over her(but it takes a nervy puffer, beard c no, to appear with one at home. O the other hand, this is the place t buy one of the Tyrolean hats whic have caused such a sartorial sensa tion in the States. They come, thes blatant days, not only in the tradi tional green, but in beige, blue, an crimson as well. A good one of gree velour, bereft of brushes, feathers, an pins, costs about $5, but there ar plenty for less. A local agent inform me that an *adler,* or eagle feathe. stands up the best. Dashing type hereabouts wear them with a gree tie embossed with replicas of a edelweiss or a stag's head. *Leder hosen* come in four grades—cow chamois, deer, and stag, and to m mind are an attractive and practica piece of male clothing. Over her they are an accepted part of *schnit zeliana,* but how you're going to ge by with them at home I wouldn' know. Call them leather Bermud shorts maybe. —Horace Sutton.

—*Culve*

Mozart, Mussolini, Goethe, Maria Therese slept here.

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Congressional Censors

Continued from page 11

Washington to try to discover why my book had received such treatment and here is what I learned:

Mr. Rooney and his colleague Frank Bow [R., Ohio] had the following objections to the book. A photograph of a 1750 little red schoolhouse, used to illustrate the text of a McGuffy reader, they felt might give the Russians the idea this was typical of our school system, though following pages showed a modern high-school, state university, Harvard, William and Mary, Annapolis, West Point, and Mt. Holyoke; Thoreau's "Walden" they considered "damaging," and Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!" they thought "obscene"; pictures of a dust-storm and arid land they felt might lead foreigners to believe America was a wasteland, though they approved photos of the TVA, which showed how we controlled such conditions; a picture of a rural schoolteacher in a classroom was objected to on the grounds that someone had seen a Russian propaganda book with a better-looking teacher!

In an effort to get the ban on "Profile" lifted I testified before a Senate Subcommittee. Looking at a photograph of two Negro dancers used to illustrate an article by Agnes de Mille on the history of the dance Senator Harley M. Kilgore [D., W.Va.] said: "This dance in the picture is not a typical American dance . . . I can see how this would show foreigners a very distorted picture of our native life. They would think we were looking at the wrong things." He repeated this puzzling idea later when he said: "I question anything that is not typically American." And then he objected to the picture of the little red schoolhouse! After lengthy discussion with me on the contents of the book Senator Kilgore wound up his remarks with the comment: "I want to say that this is the first time I have seen the book. . . . Probably if I read the entire text I would get a different viewpoint." There's a kind of underwater quality in trying to talk to somebody about a book they haven't read, especially if it's yours. I do not know what the Senator's final viewpoint was, but the full Senate reinstated the book by writing an amendment into the Bill authorizing funds for American books "including 'Profile of America'," and on June 7 Senator Kilgore released a press statement announcing he would support this amendment. What actually took place next is best told

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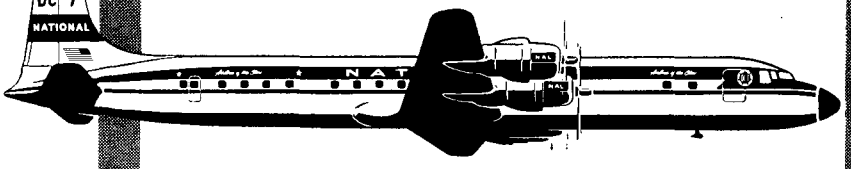

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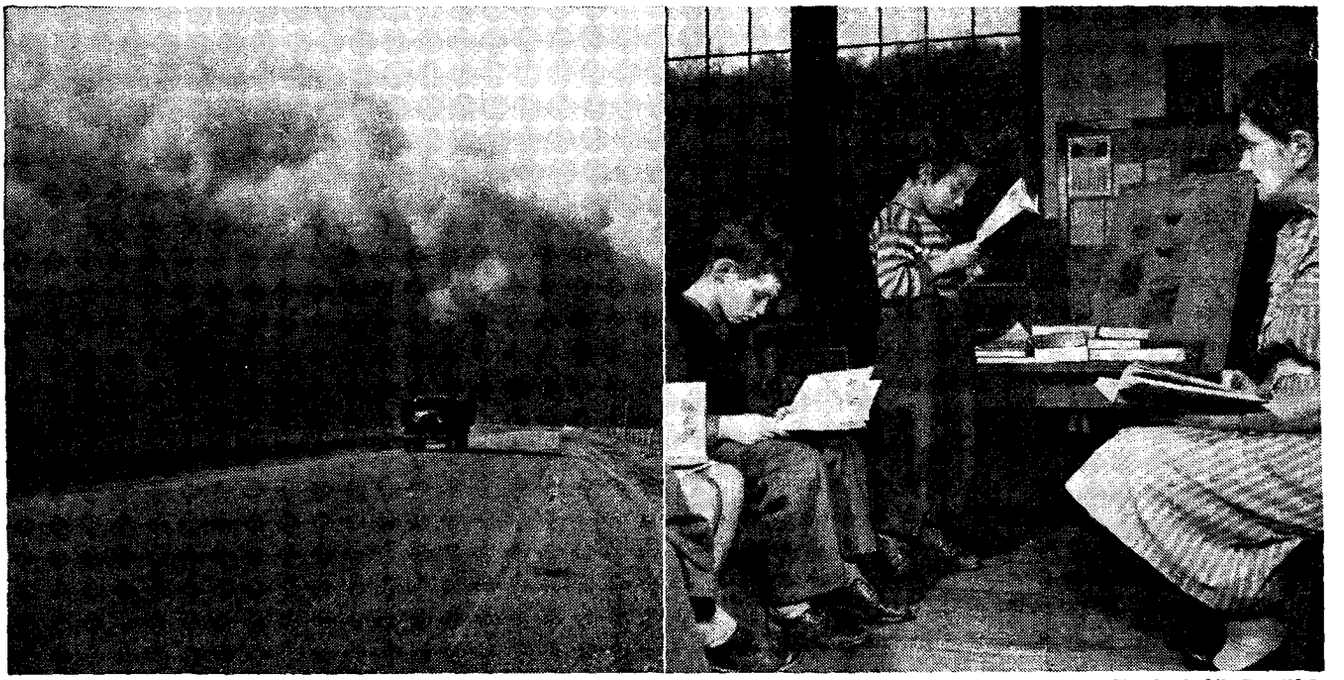

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The Oklahoma duststorm and Vermont schoolhouse—"we must find a way to circumvent small minds at home."

in the words of Rep. Frederic R. Coudert, Jr. [R., N.Y.], a member of the Conference Committee: "There was no controversy over that provision (*i.e.*, the 'Profile' amendment). The Voice of America got $85,000,000, which is about as much money as they expected to get, and in return the Senate yielded on these little things including the book. . . . When you have different things in dispute the two chairmen (Rooney and Kilgore) just traded them off back and forth. In this instance the Senate side yielded to Rooney on the book immediately without a fight."

AFTER the conference action I wired the committees to try to discover whether or not "Profile" was still banned. I received the following reply from the Senate: "There is no legislative ban on your book 'Profile of America.' The USIA is charged by law with the responsibility of selecting and procuring books for their program and their actions are of course subject to Congressional review. Harley M. Kilgore." No reply came from Mr. Rooney, the House Chairman, but John Taber [R.-N.Y.], wrote me the following letter: "I have your telegram of July 3. I expect that if the USIA decided to that the so-called 'Profile' might be printed by the United States Information setup. However, the appropriation that was passed was passed after the Committee had been advised that you had withdrawn the book and that the Administration did not inted to use it. Under these circumstances I think you might very readily expect considerable criticism from Congressional sources if they should use the book. I have looked over the book myself and it is impossible for me to see how the printing of the book could possibly be justified by the Administration. But that the best solution would be for the Administration not to print it. It is such things as this that have brought the Agency in the past into disrepute. Very sincerely yours, John Taber." I, of course, did not withdraw the book. Indeed, it was with considerable frustration that I was sitting in the Gallery when I heard Mr. Rooney state from the floor of the House that "the Director of the Agency, Mr. Streibert, withdrew the request *after* the committee had already acted." Such, then, were the reasons and methods that blocked further distribution of "Profile of America," the USIA's most requested book.

Ironically, in his article Mr. Lasky said of "Profile": "It is doubtful whether any book so laudatory of U. S. life would find ready acceptance among suspicious foreign intellectuals, particularly when distributed by the USIA." Mr. Lasky certainly has the right to his opinion, and it is a refreshing contrast to that of the Congressmen! But in criticizing the USIA's use of this book what seems to have been overlooked is that "Profile of America" is a source history, a factual record of events as they happened, and history cannot be rewritten to suit the tastes of "suspicious foreign intellectuals" or anybody else. To disavow duststorms, a little red schoolhouse, and the writings of Thoreau, to call the same book both "damaging" and "too laudatory" is to suggest the need not for censorship but for common sense.

Unfortunately, the case of "Profile of America" is far from unique. It merely illustrates an unwise use of Congressional power, and the urgent need for better liaison between Congress and the USIA if that Agency is not to be rendered useless by the devastating effects of yanking books off shelves and the scuttling of carefully-planned projects by reckless individuals in Congress who haven't the qualifications to pass sound judgment on its many programs.

In 1953 President Eisenhower said: "It is not enough for us to have sound policies, dedicated to goals of universal peace, freedom, and progress. These policies must be made known to and understood by all peoples throughout the world. That is the responsibility of the new United States Information Agency."

This is a tremendous job and it can be done only if the Government and the people support our Information Agency. One way of doing this could be through the creation of a joint legislative committee such as the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy and the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation. Such a committee working with the USIA might give it the prestige and protection it so badly needs. One thing is certain: If we truly hope to "win the struggle for men's minds" abroad we must find a way to circumvent small minds at home.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 20

uation of literary creativity we can be doctrinaire only at our peril.

Mr. Wagenknecht was given access to the Longfellow papers at Craigie House before they were moved to Harvard's Houghton Library. From these he has compiled a series of essay chapters—Longfellow among his books, Longfellow as a teacher, Longfellow as a home-body, Longfellow's social, literary, and political opinions—but these, unhappily, end up in a kind of card-index Longfellow. We are not shown how any of these facets are related to the poems Longfellow wrote. Now surely the only justification for a literary biography is that it illuminate the work; otherwise it is a mere prying into private affairs. In separating Longfellow's life from his work and making no effort to seek out the inner life Mr. Wagenknecht seems to imply that poetry is a disembodied thing, wholly intellectual and ratiocinative, carried out beyond physical and emotional being. Was there any relationship between Longfellow's long wooing of Fanny Appleton and "The Courtship of Miles Standish"? What is there in these abundant documents that sheds light on "Evangeline" and the search for the beloved? How did a poet so immobile and unseaman-like come to love ships and the sea? And how did he come by his quite fantastic reputation? As we read, questions arise on all sides. But we find no answers.

THE best chapters are buried deep in the book. They deal with the courtship of Fanny and her pathetic death, and for a moment the loaded pages take on the pulse of life. However, in order to reach this moment we have been put through a kind of grabbag of quotations from the Longfellow papers and been made to listen to Mr. Wagenknecht's differences of opinion with his fellow biographers. It is true that he speaks with weightier authority than his predecessors—he has seen more documents. And yet one wonders with what kind of eye he has read them. For as we look with him over Longfellow's shoulder we discover that the great poet writes with a startling banality. "Hearing tragedies is not cheering to the heart of man," observes the translator of Dante. And again: "The genius of Shakespeare blazes forth with dazzling splendor"—this after Longfellow has reread "Hamlet" and shuddered at its violence. "Paris," he writes as he reaches the Conti-

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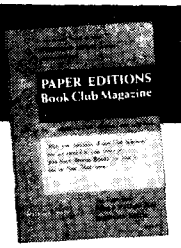

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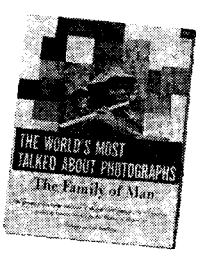

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nent anew, "is like a goblet of champagne—of which the boulevards are the brim overflowing with sparkling bubbles." And he looks upon the fog in Cambridge and discovers it to be "mysterious, transfiguring all things."

One blushes and wants to pass on. But we are arrested by certain accounts of Longfellow's contemporaries. He is described as "never diving into abysses of abstraction or rising to lengths of speculation." And another, who admired him, observes: "I have never heard him say anything very striking or very grand or beautiful." Longfellow's brother testified that "he always thought it best not to do anything. He had none of the adventurous spirit." In his life and work he arrived, said Henry James, at "the large, quiet, pleasant, easy solution." Mr. Wagenknecht seems to believe such testimony is praise.

I think one could argue validly that private papers should remain private when a poet speaks in cliches to himself, unless one reads them to unravel the crucial enigma: how so platitudinous a figure could become so celebrated a poet. Wagenknecht insists upon the celebrity and denies the platitudes. We can be grateful to him that he has published some of the evidence. But we cannot resist wishing that he had addressed himself to the mystery of how this man came to touch so many readers with his personality.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THAT AFFAIR AT ELSINORE

In spite of Laertes's poisoned rapier, Hamlet (who existed long before Shakespeare immortalized him) has never died. Nan Cooke Carpenter, at the moment of Cambridge, England, asks you to identify author and title of the following works celebrating the Danish prince. Nine (let alone ten) correct answers will be excellent even for a full-fledged professor of English literature, seven admirable, and five should be about average, maybe. Answers on page 43.

1. A twelfth-century priest included in his history a rough account of Amleth, Prince of Jutland, which contained all the important elements used by Shakespeare (similar characters, incest, fratricide, feigned madness, trip to England, etc.).
2. During the latter decades of the sixteenth century a Frenchman published in several editions an expanded version of the above story in which the mother and uncle committed adultery before the murder, and Amleth and his "young temptress" were lovers.
3. A Senecan playwright, author of "The Spanish Tragedy" (his career was cut short when he was arrested in 1593 charged with being guilty of a "libell that concerned the State"), may have written a play about Hamlet (1589) best remembered for its ghost "which cried so miserably at the Theatre, like an oister wife, Hamlet, revenge."
4. English actors touring the continent in the seventeenth century presented a debased German version introducing much comedy and dumbshow (earliest MS, 1710); its English translation, "Fratricide Punished," was performed at Oxford as late as 1924.
5. Zeno and Pariati gave the story a happy ending in the libretto used by a Neapolitan musician (harpsichordist for the better part of his life at the Spanish court) for his only complete opera composed for public performance (Rome, 1715), of which a single aria survives.
6. Inspired by "Foudroyé," an adaptation of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" by actress Harriett Smithson, a French romanticist—who himself thought of making an opera of "Hamlet"—married Miss Smithson and then composed (1848?) two pieces for chorus and orchestra based on the play.
7. The pseudonymous Serjeant Zinn published in 1879 a lengthy and verbose analysis of the play in the form of an argument between Mr. Silento and Mr. Shakespeare before the Lord Chief Justice and Jury—largely over the reality of the ghost—to the great detriment of the prince.
8. A Virginia gentleman, known for his romantic disillusionment in Poictesme, found inspiration in the old sagas about Hamlet for a "comedy of honor" in which the "true Prince of Denmark proves to be Wiglerus" (1940).
9. A scholar and writer of detective fiction presented a clever play on the BBC's Third Programme (1948: music by William Wordsworth) in which an old court physician, just back from attending a mad queen at Dunsinane, plucks out the heart of the mystery by psychoanalyzing the melancholy Dane.
10. Another writer for the BBC (1949) opened his play in Edinburgh, A.D. 490, and centered it around the Pictish queen of the old legends and the visits to Britain of a sixth-century Amleth, Prince of Jutland.

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Psychiatry

Continued from page 21

of literature which assesses this dilem ma of the criminal courts. There ar such technical works as those by leg scholars like Sheldon Glueck an Henry Weihofen and those by psychia trists like Winfred Overholser an Mannfred Guttmacher. There are als many works available by which eve the layman may assess the problen and the most recently published c these is "The Guilty Mind," a compila tion of the lectures of Judge Joh Biggs, Jr., Chief Judge of the Thir Judicial Court of the U. S.

In his book Judge Biggs has trace the history of both law and medicin from the great cultures of the Greek and the Romans and the Mohamme dans through the Renaissance to mod ern times. He demonstrates ver graphically how tortuous the conflic has been between the two, but h nevertheless points out how men o good will have desperately tried to b tolerant of the divergent viewpoin which each holds.

It is on the last hundred years tha the author focuses his major attention especially since that fateful year o 1843 when the McNaughten Rules wer formulated in England. Due to pres sure exerted on the jurists by botl Parliament and the Crown, the justice drew up this sterile formula: if a per son could not distinguish betwee right and wrong he could not be held responsible for his act. The regrettable element regarding these Rules is tha a straitjacket thereby enveloped crim inal law and, aside from only a few jurisdictions, the law has remained sc shackled ever since.

AT the time the Rules were adopted psychiatry was only beginning to explore the deep recesses of man's complex behavior. But now things are different. Judge Biggs cites many recent cases in which psychiatrists have made a definite contribution to the law by insisting that "insanity" has no medical meaning and that responsibility is a tenuous phenomenon arrived at only by penetrating examination and analysis by qualified persons.

In the end Judge Biggs indicts our penal system. It is, he says, utterly unrealistic to lock up people to satisfy society's own "guilty mind" and then to expect these prisoners to reform. But he holds out a ray of hope that a disciplined psychiatry, which has much to offer in establishing criteria of individual responsibility, will soon enter the courtroom with dignity, thereby permitting fewer cases of miscarriage of justice.

U. S. A.

Continued from page 15

newest title is a familiar one. It is the one along which the world totters between annihilation and survival, and the body of his book is a sort of diary, but it is a well-organized and a polished diary. His entries cover a little more than six months in 1954, the dark period from near the end of the Berlin Conference to the death of EDC. At the beginning of this period McCarthyism was at its peak. The French took a licking at Dienbienphu, it looked as if the Communist tide might roll on down the Southeast Asian peninsula, and Washington considered going to war. The Western alliance seemed to be crumbling, and American influence ebbed to the lowest level in a decade.

Looking back at that period Mr. Childs's impression is "one of skaters whose paths cross and recross on ice that is perilously thin. One can hear it crack and even see it lag. Yet just at the moment when disaster seems at hand the figures shift their positions and the strain is for a moment relieved." That, he thinks, is "characteristic of the time in which we live." We know that "the penalty for disaster is likely to be total destruction." Against this background "the parry and thrust of the diplomacy of another day, the notes, the speeches, the barbed exchanges in conference and council, seem like the improvisation of children at play in a cache of explosives."

Most of the characters whom Mr. Childs understands so well are still at the center of the stage: the stalwart Adenauer, the resourceful Eden, and the persevering and incredibly energetic Dulles, among many others. His reports on North Africa and the

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NOW that a good part of the Northeast is mopping up after two of the worst floods in its history people are asking themselves, "Whatever are we going to do about future floods?" Some suggested answers to this question are to be found in a timely book called **"Floods"** (Princeton University Press, $7.50), by William G. Hoyt and Walter B. Langbein, two members of the U. S. Geological Survey who believe that it is inevitable that we will have future—and increasingly more costly—floods. Floods, they say, have not increased either in magnitude or frequency during the past century and a half. The trouble is that the waters from heavy rainfall and melting snow once found their way to the sea in natural channels which are now blocked by everything from man-made bridges to man-made pipelines. As a result, say these writers, we should now adopt the following program:

- States, river communities, and conservation districts should foster wise use of valley lands and discourage obstruction of rivers and their flood plains.
- River communities should encourage organization of well-trained, alert rescue squads.
- Flood-forecasting services should be recognized as an essential part of flood management and be appropriately supported.
- The collection and dissemination of information concerning flood damage should be systematized and coordinated.
- In order to foster local adjustments and to shift some of the burden of taxation for flood protection from those who receive no direct benefit our policy should be modified to require those who receive direct benefits from flood-control projects to share equitably in the costs.
- Citizens should be encouraged to establish local districts or other types of administrative bodies for the purpose of meeting local problems on a local basis.
- Loans and grants and other forms of relief, whether by Federal or semi-official organizations, should be so awarded that they will not encourage imprudent occupancy of flood plains.
- An equitable system of flood insurance should be developed to discourage misuse of flood-hazard lands.
- We should adopt only such programs and practices for flood protection as are demonstrated to be measurable, effective, and economically sound.
- Finally, social, economic, and political activities in connection with relief, as well as strictly agricultural programs such as improvement of crop yields, should be recognized as such and should not be disguised as parts of flood-protection or flood-management plans.

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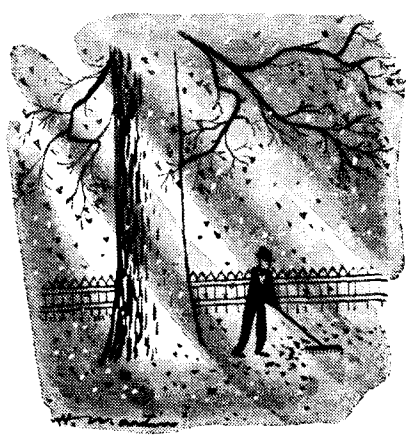
difficulties of the French in reconciling themselves to the end of Western colonialism are as sound and pertinent as when they were written. So are many other passages in his diary. So too are the biggest questions he poses and ponders. One of the foremost is whether a free society, particularly "one as rich and indulgent as ours," can *sustain its determination* "in a prolonged contest with Communism short of all-out war, call it competitve co-existence or what you will."

In his comments on individual Western statesmen Mr. Childs is compassionate and he seldom suggests that his foresight was better than theirs. He admires the "new" men—the men of vision such as Jean Monnet and Paul G. Hoffman. He admires also the courageous men, such as the late Mayor Reuter of Berlin, Senator Flanders, and the two little-sung heroes of the Geneva Conference of 1954: Nong Kimny and So Tep Phan, the two tiny representatives of the little kingdom of Cambodia. The two together were hardly as big as one Molotov, Mr. Childs observed, but they refused to sign a truce until they got the special terms they wanted —terms under which Cambodia recently signed a military aid agreement with the United States and can call for outside help if it is attacked.

In a postscript Mr. Childs records the beginning of an upturn: An acceptable substitute for EDC was contrived, and the French took it. Mr. Dulles at last got his SEATO pact. The outlook in the Formosa area was uncertain, but the southward advance of Communism in Asia seemed to be checked, at least momentarily. He stopped writing before "the meeting at the summit" and before the indications that Peiping, as well as Moscow, is putting on a New Look. Though some of the specific problems that trouble him in this book have receded while new ones have come to the front, no one should be deterred from reading this book by the supposition that it deals with a dead past. It is superb journalism.



History and Heroes

Continued from page 10

organizing capacity except as dis played by Brigham Young and Mar Baker Eddy.

In American business, too, the lead er unquestionably explains much i our national development that im personal forces do not touch. The en trepreneur is by definition a path breaker, a deviant from tradition, man who remolds existing economi institutions. The most striking com mon characteristic of McCormick Carnegie, Rockefeller, James J. Hil and Henry Ford was their readines to defy accepted economic law—not t speak of statutory law! Except fo such men our business history an economic development would hav been much slower, tamer, and in cer tain ways feebler than it was. In con templating so bizarre a figure a Henry Ford we may well exclain "God moves in mysterious ways hi wonders to perform"—but Henr nevertheless had a personal geniu that assisted in the wonders. As fo politics, that assuredly is the depart ment of American life in which indi vidual leadership has been most pic turesquely arresting. Since the day when Hamilton gave our republic it strong impulse toward centralize efficiency and Jefferson its zeal fo individual liberty our best politica leaders have truly shaped histor Few countries have owed as much i 150 years to five men as ours ha owed to Washington, Lincoln, Wilsor and the two Roosevelts.

In the field of politics, certainly Americans have always dearly love a hero. Yet the judgment may be ven tured that this is almost wholly a emotional, not an intellectual, atti tude. In throwing up coonskin cap for Andrew Jackson, in apotheosizin Lincoln, in cheering Al Smith w may even suspect Americans of ap plauding themselves—of making thes men into images which typify th American masses. At no time has th Carlylean idea of the hero as a highl superior being found currency amon us. American democracy would pro nounce that idea repugnant. We hav always believed in the diffusion c opportunity; in the capacities of th common man for indefinite self-bet terment; and in the special virtue c our institutions as distinguished fro personal leadership. Our governmen we say, is one of laws, not of men. I is true that we are proud indeed c Washington and Lincoln, and tha even economic royalists feel a cer tain thrill when they see statues c Franklin D. Roosevelt in London an

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)slo. But subconsciously most Amer-ans feel that our democratic system leserves most of the credit—a system vhich in times of dire crisis will al-vays throw up such great captains.

In short, for all our hero-worship-ng tendencies we regard our chief eaders as essentially folk-products. Ve can point to the fact that we have esponded to minor crises by produc-ng minor captains like James K. 'olk and Harry Truman, seemingly ommonplace men with latent capaci-ies far from commonplace. Of course, lemocracy must take the discredit for etting itself fall into dire extremities. t was partly because we trusted the Republic to that erratic nincompoop 'ranklin Pierce and that pusillani-nous dotard James Buchanan that we vere faced with the necessity of ringing forth a Lincoln or perishing. The point, however, is that we do end to think of our eminent political eaders as projections of democracy nd the common man, rather than as leaven-sent heroes. and we tend to hink of them in emotional terms. Much of the admiration for Jackson nd T. R. was strictly visceral—it had othing to do with the mind. Hence he special emphasis of American my-hology on personages with folksy raits—Davy Crockett, Lincoln, and Henry Ford. A more creditable side of ur attitude toward heroes is our in-tinct to value character above in-ellect. That sound instinct, common o all Anglo-Saxon people, largely ccounts for our success in govern-nent. In Washington, Lincoln, Lee, nd Cleveland force of character ounted for vastly more than subtlety f mind.

ALTOGETHER Americans ought to eel disposed to emphasize the so-ial interpretation of history. As our ational record grows longer and nore complex I believe we shall be nclined to do so. We shall accept the act that our main achievements are ruly democratic achievements, and hat the forces at work in the mass are ar more important than instances of ersonal thrust and innovation. Where, then, will this leave the study f American biography?

The advantages of biography as a ool for examining the past are not to e underrated. A good biography hu-anizes history. Most people are not nuch interested in past times as a uge impersonal machine; they are nterested in how human beings like nemselves acted. Carl Sandburg's Lincoln" is a telling example of the umanizing power of biography. Its cale is large; hundreds of people play arts in it; but each is presented raphically as a human being.

Biography, moreover, can be legiti-mately dramatic in a way denied to history. The past as a complex of forces is almost never dramatic; the past as the experience of one man can be a succession of dramas. In the life of Franklin one tableau follows an-other, from the hour when he walked up from the boat in Philadelphia, munching a roll, to the moment in the Constitutional Convention in 1787 when he made his apt remark about the orb on the President's chair: "At last I know it is a rising and not a set-ting sun." Some careers are in fact one long melodrama, like that of Law-rence of Arabia.

We may add to the partial credit of biography that it breaks up the illimi-table detail of the past into simple and comprehensible units; for the biogra-phical structure necessarily imposes a pattern. Douglas Freeman wrote four large volumes on Lee, but he nevertheless laid upon himself the strictest limitations. He refused to treat all of the Civil War; he did not treat even all of the war in Virginia; he described simply that part of the war which Lee himself saw. Because it lends itself to economy and design biography at its best is Art—even high art; while history, alas, or at any rate scientific history, is seldom artistic.

Nevertheless, for understanding the past in general, and that of democratic America in particular, biography can never be adequate. Insofar as we wish to gain a full comprehension of the past we should throw the emphasis of our study on groups and masses, on trends and impersonal forces. The reasons for this are varied.

For one, biography takes short views, and in fact is seldom good for anything but short views. The span of human life projected against the sec-ular march of a nation's history is short, and the span of most active careers shorter still. Lincoln's really significant public leadership extended from 1854 to 1865, eleven years. Even in taking short views biography is

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Saxo Grammaticus, "Historia Danica." 2. François de Belleforest, "Histoires tragiques." 3. Thomas Kyd, the "Ur-Hamlet." 4. Anon., "Der bestrafte Brudermord." 5. Domenico Scarlatti, "Ambleto." 6. Hector Berlioz, "La Mort d'Ophélie" and "Marche funèbre pour la dernière scène de Hamlet." 7. James Edwin Wilson, "A Throw for a Throne, or the Prince Unmasked." 8. James Branch Cabell, "Hamlet Had an Uncle." 9. Michael Innes, "The Hawk and the Handsaw." 10. Rayner Heppenstall, "The Fool's Saga." (The last two were published in 1950.)

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likely to be disjointed and, from the historical standpoint, non-consecutive. James Truslow Adams gave us an excellent study of the Adams family from 1765 to 1920; but he had to admit that the Adams family separated from the mainstream of American history about 1830, with the rise of Jackson; thereafter its affairs throw little light on our history. Gladstone's long career was remarkable down to about 1880 as a close reflection of the British spirit in the age of *laissez faire;* it was equally remarkable after that date for its failure to recognize the new socio-economic forces that were assuming command toward the close of the century. Any proper study of the past demands a closer attention to what James Harvey Robinson called "genetic forces" than biography allows.

Again, while biography humanizes the past it often overhumanizes it, carrying an excessive amount of trivial detail. The Jacksonian era, I think, was not really exciting in the way in which Claude Bowers presents it; its true excitement, which was non-dramatic, resides in the conceptions of it presented by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and his opponents. The conflict was rather of ideas than men. Then, too, biography unescapably takes partial and onesided views, and consciously or unconsciouly almost always magnifies the role of its central figure. Biography states that an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; but, actually, in ninety-nine instances out of 100 an institution is the lengthened shadow of many men.

Above all, biography is in too many instances superficial in its view of the past. It is superficial because its form forbids it to make intensive use of ideas; and only penetrating interpretive ideas based on facts and insights furnished by all the social studies can give us a grasp of history. The art of the Netherlands, as Taine wrote, can be better explained by Dutch landscape, atmosphere, and national character than by any theory of Rembrandt's personal genius. The fall of Rome, Robinson suggested, probably owed more to bad public health—malaria, lack of sanitation, malnutrition—than to the degeneracy of Nero and Tiberius. Poor price tendencies for peasant production may have had more to do with the Crusades than the preaching of Peter the Hermit. Certainly economic forces had a heavier impact on the American Constitution than any individual political ideas of James Madison; and certainly the sociology of race relations does more to explain the Civil War than the theory of a conspiracy by Yancey and Barnwell Rhett.

LET us consider two historical occurrences of very different character the Battle of Second Manassas and the creation of the complex entity known as mass-production. In the Battle of Second Manassas the Union forces in Virginia were caught at a heavy disadvantage, with McClellan's large army slowly and sullenly returning by water, in various segments, from the James River front after the failure of the Peninsular campaign while John Pope's smaller army stood on the Rapidan. Feeling between the two Union armies was bad. McClellan and his chief officers hated Pope more than they hated the Confederate cause, and Pope expected to show how much abler he was than McClellan. Cooperation would have been poor even if the two forces had been close together and well concentrated. Robert E. Lee saw his opportunity to fall on Pope before McClellan's troops came up. He boldly divided his inferior army in the face of the enemy; sent half of it under Stonewall Jackson around to Pope's rear; took that general by surprise; and utterly defeated him before he could recover his balance. For a time Washington seemed in danger of capture.

Obviously, the history of that battle can be written from the standpoint of McClellan and his corps commanders, disgusted by Pope's incompetence. It can be written from the standpoint of Lee, whose masterly strategy wrecked Pope's army; Douglas Freeman has so written it. It can be written from the standpoint of Jackson, who had to do the rapid marching and effect the surprise in Pope's rear; and the British biographer of Jackson, Henderson, has written this graphic account. It can be written from the standpoint of Lincoln, waiting in agony in the White House, unable to understand why the jealous McClellan did not move more rapidly to Pope's aid, and unable to understand why Pope blundered at every step. To an artist looking for a literary opportunity it could best be written from the point of view of John Pope, who illustrated perfectly the

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/orkings of the Greek *hubris*. He was ll boastfulness and arrogance before ıe battle; his swagger was incredible –he was a veritable Captain Bobadil; nd when the curtain fell his ruin was omplete. From any of these stand-oints a simple and fascinating narra-ve might be penned.

But actually the only true history f Second Manassas would be one :om the standpoint of the American :epublic. It would have to embrace lements from all these special points f view, and avoid partiality toward ny. It would have to deal with those :aits in the American character 'hich explain Pope's braggart vein, IcClellan's petulant jealousy, and the eneral failure of Union *esprit de orps* in a critical moment. It would ave to consider political factors in ıe background, for McClellan never orgot for a moment—nor did Lincoln –that a general who put a quick end ɔ the war might easily win the Presi-ency in 1864. Questions of supply nd transport on both sides, of logis-cs, would have to be treated. Then, nd only then, would we have an un-erstanding of Second Manassas, 'hich almost brought about foreign ıtervention and the division of the .merican nation.

The birth of mass-production offers different type of problem. Few peo-le really understand mass-produc-on, which they confuse with quan-ty production. In mass-production is not quantity that counts; it is ıethod. It means the focusing of even elements upon production: ower, accuracy, economy, system, ontinuity, speed, and repetition. The ıree chief among these elements are ccuracy, which means standardiza-on and interchangeability of parts; ontinuity, which means a system of ıoving confluent lines in assembling ıese parts; and speed, which means a arefully-timed correlation of effort ı material handling and manufacture. Before mass-production came to birth heap manufacture of complex wares ı tremendous volume was impossi-le. After it came into existence au-ɔmobiles, tractors, airplanes, tanks, nd even ships could be manufactured 'ith a speed, economy, and accuracy ıat has changed the whole human conomy in peace and war. It first ame into full existence in the High-ınd Park factory of the Ford Motor 'ompany in the year 1913.

The old story of its birth was sim-le. Henry Ford conceived it; he gave is orders; moving lines, carefully med according to the Taylor system, ppeared in the Ford factory; and the ıiracle was accomplished. This story 'as accepted as authentic, because Ienry Ford told it himself, with raphic detail, in "My Life and Work." But the actual history was very different. Research in various sources, including the recollections of employes, proves that in this instance the seminal ideas did not percolate from the top down; they rather moved from the bottom upward. A number of men, subordinates of Ford, first tried the combination of accuracy (standardization), continuity (moving lines), and speed (careful time-study) on the complicated assembly of the magneto. The saving in time and effort astonished them. They and others then used the same method in assembling the motor; and from that they turned to the assembly of the transmission. Again their success was astonishing. Three different segments of the automobile were being produced with such rapidity that they flooded the central assembly line of the car itself; and it became necessary to apply the method to the whole automobile. The Ford factory then became an intricate complex of moving lines, accurately timed, scientifically interrelated, and fed by continuous streams of standardized parts. A score of men were responsible. Two deserve the most credit, and neither was named Henry Ford. They were William Klann, a fertile-minded mechanic, and Clarence Avery, who had been Edsel Ford's instructor in a manual-training school and had brought a fresh set of ideas into the factory.

WHAT must be our conclusion? Biography is one of the keys of history but only one, and excessive dependence on it easily distorts history. Social and economic forces are similarly a key, but only one; excessive dependence on them leads down the road of historical determinism, and would make man a mere automaton. The molding elements of history include ideas, forces, great men—and chance. A monistic picture of the past which exaggerates the role of any of these four is as unsatisfactory as an Egyptian painting without perspective. We have many reasons for reading good biography; but let us never forget that 200 black cats do not make one black horse—that a complete understanding of the multiple elements of the past cannot be gained from single lives. When Douglas Freeman had finished his "Lee" he was so impressed by the injustice his story had done the great array of subordinate officers that his conscience gave him no rest till he had published "Lee's Lieutenants;" and even that fell short of presenting the whole picture. A well-written biography is like a sonata finely played; but a well-planned history is like a great symphony, blending many themes, ideas, and insight into one tremendous whole.

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(Continued from Page 45)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1128

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "Eminence Rouge," 1585-1642.	55 74 13 2 152 160 56 27 122
B. Uneven in surface or course (comp.).	16 46 77 127 106 70 124 98 9
C. A crystallized fruit.	134 10 167 107 1 162 48 34 71
D. Stem of an arrow.	80 113 104 154 128
E. County of Alabama; river of Georgia; town of Tennessee.	64 146 32 4 49 155
F. The "vegetable sponge."	78 161 125 58 36
G. Another word for Word F.	78 84 111 116 5
H. One of the longest measures of distance in common use, when followed by Word I.	109 174 101 14 43
I. See Word H.	35 73 150 102
J. Recess.	93 121 63 147 103
K. Site of fabled rape of Proserpine by Pluto.	66 62 145 135
L. Formerly, a law requiring the tenant to support the chief (Scotland and Ireland).	30 44 17 39 1 175 69

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Character in "Allen's Alley" played by Peter Donald (full name).	51 164 173 28 45 90 153 97 33 67
N. The black horehound.	72 3 82 65 8 85
O. Put into effect.	148 168 99 88 130 37 114
P. Characteristic style of striking piano keys.	42 159 92 140 52
Q. A writer's own name.	100 119 31 170 166 96 29
R. Summer resort near Boston.	26 76 138 123 41 71 158 68 155 112
S. Last day of this month.	110 129 94 47 105 172 157 89 137
T. Convert oil into a substance soluble in water, for instance.	126 142 25 59 131 54 117 6
U. Make milder.	91 81 38 132 21 108 136 143
V. Object worn by the superstitious to avert evil.	165 40 60 118 53 95
W. Racket.	22 27 19 120 87
X. Birthplace of John Wesley.	67 169 149 39 23 139 86
Y. Silk piece used as a decoration.	20 144 163 141 176 50
Z. Man in a restaurant in charge of the wines and the serving of them.	7 15 24 135 22 79 12 115 75

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 C	2 A	3 N		4 E	5 G	6 T	7 Z		8 N	9 B	
10 C	11 L	12 Z	13 A	14 H			15 Z	16 B	17 L		18 F	19 W	20 Y	21 U	22 Z	23 X		
24 Z	25 T	26 R	27 A	28 M	29 Q	30 L			31 Q	32 E	33 M	34 C	35 I		36 F	37 O	38 U	
39 L	40 V	41 R	42 P		43 H	44 L			45 M	46 B	47 S	48 C	49 E	50 Y		51 M	52 P	
53 V	54 T	55 A			56 A	57 W	58 F	59 T	60 V	61 X	62 K	63 J	64 E		65 N	66 K	67 M	
68 R	69 L	70 B			71 C	72 N	73 I	74 A	75 Z		76 R	77 B	78 G	79 Z	80 D		81 U	
82 N	83 S	84 G			85 N	86 X	87 W		88 O	89 X	90 M	91 U	92 P	93 J	94 S	95 V	96 Q	
	97 M	98 B	99 O			100 Q		101 H	102 I	103 J	104 D	105 S		106 B	107 C	108 U	109 H	
	110 S	111 G			112 R	113 D	114 O		115 Z	116 G	117 T	118 V	119 Q	120 W	121 J	122 A	123 R	
	124 B	125 F			126 T	127 B	128 D	129 S	130 O	131 T	132 U	133 K	134 C	135 Z		136 U	137 S	
138 R	139 X		140 P	141 Y	142 T	143 U		144 Y	145 K		146 E	147 J	148 O		149 X	150 I		
151 W	152 A		153 M	154 D		155 R	156 E	157 S		158 R	159 P	160 A	161 F	162 C	163 Y	164 M		
165 V	166 Q		167 C	168 O	169 X	170 Q	171 R	172 S	173 M	174 H	175 L	176 Y						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 44 of this issue.

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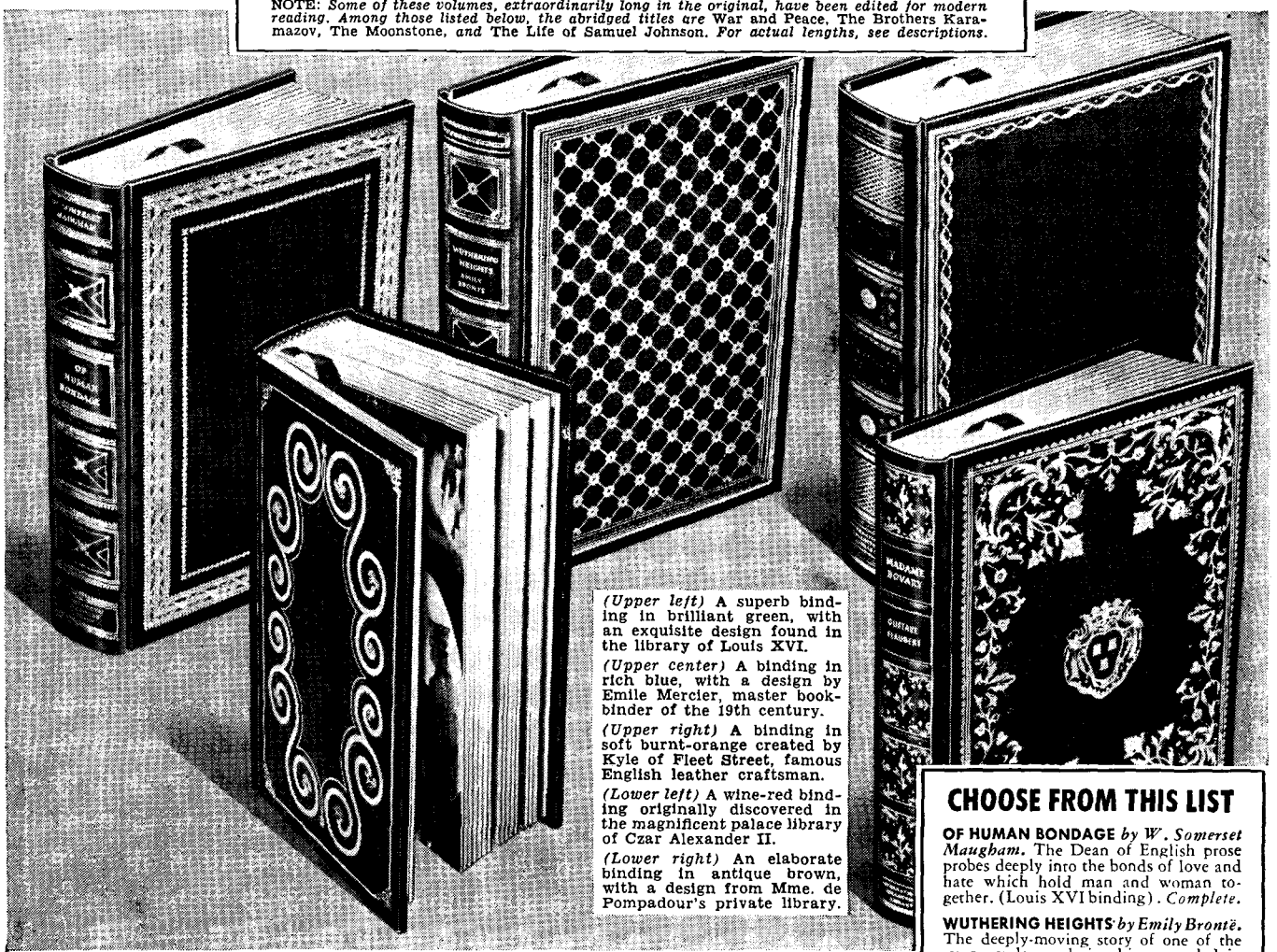

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